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THE

JACK O'LANTERN;

(LE FEU-FOLLET;)

OR,

THE PRIVATEER.

BY 76448 a2

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AUTHOR OF

"THE PILOT," "THE SPY," "THE TWO ADMIRALS," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Ux. K. 64

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1842.

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THE

JACK O'LANTERN

(LE FEU-FOLLET).

CHAPTER I.

O ! 'tis a thought sublime, that man can force
A path upon the waste,— can find a way
Where all is trackless, and compel the winds,
Those freest agents of Almighty power,
To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
To distant climes.

WARE.

THE situation of Ghita Caraccioli on board the lugger was of the most unpleasant nature during the fierce struggle we have just related. Fortunately for her, this struggle was very short, Raoul having kept her in profound ignorance of the approach of any danger until the instant Le Feu-Follet commenced her fire. It is true she had heard the guns between

the felucca and the boats; but this she had been told was an affair in which the privateer had no participation; and the reports sounding distant to one in the cabin, she had been easily deceived. While the actual conflict was going on, she was on her knees at the side of her uncle; and the moment it ceased she appeared on deck, and interposed to save the fugitives in the manner related.

Now, however, the scene was entirely changed. The lugger had escaped all damage worthy of notice; her decks had not been stained with blood, and her success had been as complete as could be desired. In addition to these advantages, the result removed all apprehension from the only source of danger that Raoul thought could exist, as between his own vessel and the frigate, or a boat-attack in a calm, — for men who had just been so roughly handled in an enterprise so well masked would not be likely to renew the attempt while they still smarted under the influence of the late repulse. Affairs of this sort exact all the discipline and resolution which a well-regulated service can afford, and are not to be thought of under the temporary demoralization of defeat. All in

the lugger, therefore, considered this collision with the Proserpine at an end, for the moment at least.

Ghita had dined; for the day had now turned some time, and she had come on deck to escape the confinement of a very small cabin, leaving her uncle to enjoy his customary *siesta*. She was seated under the awning of the quarter-deck, using her needle, as was her wont at that hour on the heights of Argentaro. Raoul had placed himself on a gun-slide near her, and Ithuel was busy within a few feet of them, dissecting a spy-glass with a view to clean its lenses.

"I suppose the most excellent Andrea Barrofaldi will sing a Te Deum for his escape from our fangs," suddenly exclaimed Raoul, laughing. "*Pardie!* he is a great historian, and every way fit to write an account of this great victory, which Monsieur l'Anglais, là bas, is about to send to his government."

"And you, Raoul, have you no occasion for a Te Deum after your escape?" demanded Ghita, gently, and yet with emphasis: — "is there no God for you to thank, as well as for the vice-governor?"

"*Peste!*—our French deity is little thought of just now, Ghita. Republics, as you know, have no great faith in religion—is it not so, *mon brave American?* Tell us, Etoell; have you any religion in America?"

As Ithuel had often heard Raoul's opinions on this subject, and knew the prevailing state of France in this particular, he neither felt nor expressed any surprise at the question. Still, the idea ran counter to all his own notions and prejudices, he having been early taught to respect religion even when he was most serving the devil. In a word, Ithuel was one of those descendants of Puritanism, who, "Godward," as it is termed, was quite unexceptionable, so far as his theory extended; but who, "manward," was "as the Scribes and Pharisees." Nevertheless, as he expressed it himself, "he always stood up for religion;" a fact which his English companions had commented on in jokes: maintaining that he even "stood up" when the rest of the ship's company were on their knees.

"I'm a little afraid, Monsieur Rule," he answered, "that in France you have entered the rope of republicanism at the wrong end.

In Ameriky, we even put religion before dollars; and if that isn't convincing I'll give it up. Now, I do wish you could see a Sunday once in the Granite State, Signorina Ghita, that you might get some notion what our western religion raally is."

"All real religion — all real devotion to God is, or ought to be, the same, Signor Ithuello, whether in the east or in the west. A Christian is a Christian; let him live and die where he may."

"That's not exactly platform I fancy. Why, Lord bless ye, young lady, *your* religion, now, is no more like *mine*, than my religion is like that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or Monsieur Rule here!"

"*La mienne!*" exclaimed Raoul: "I pretend to none, *mon brave;* there can be no likeness to nothing."

Ghita's glance was kind rather than reproachful; but it was profoundly sorrowful.

"In what can our religion differ," she asked, "if we are both Christians? Americans, or Italians, it is all the same."

"That comes of knowing nothing about Ameriky," said Ithuel, filled with the conceit

of his own opinion of himself, and of the part of the world from which he came. "In the first place, you have a Pope, and Cardinals, and Bishops, and all such things, in your religion; while we have none."

"Certainly, there is the Holy Father, and there are cardinals; but they are not my religion," answered Ghita, looking surprised. "Bishops, it is true, are appointed of God, and form part of his Church; and the Bishop of Rome is the head of the Church on earth—but nothing more."

"Nothing more! Don't you worship images, and take off and put on garments at your prayers, and kneel down in a make-believe, profane, way; and don't you turn everything into vain ceremonies?"

Had Ithuel been engaged, body and soul, in maintaining one of the propositions of the Oxford Tracts' controversy, he could not have uttered these words with greater zeal, or with a more self-righteous emotion. His mind was stored with the most vulgar accusations of an exceedingly vulgar set of sectarian distinctions; and he fancied it a high proof of Protestant perfection, to hold all the discarded

usages in abhorrence. On the other hand, Ghita listened with surprise; for, to her, the estimation in which the rites of the Romish church were held by the great bulk of Protestants was a profound secret. The idea of worshiping an image never crossed her innocent mind; and although she often knelt before her own little ivory crucifix, she had never supposed that any could be so ignorant as to confound the mere material representation of the sacrifice it was meant to portray, with the divine expiation itself.

"It is decent to use proper vestments at the altar," she replied; "and its servants ought not to be clad like other men. We know that it is the heart, the soul, which must be touched to find favour with God; but this does not make the outward semblance of respect which we show even to each other, the less necessary. As to worshiping images, that would be idolatry, and as bad as the poor heathens themselves."

Ithuel looked mystified; for he never doubted in the least, that the worshiping of images was a material part of Catholic devotion; and as for the Pope and the Cardinals, he deemed

them all as indispensable to the creed of this church, as he fancied it important, in his own, that the priests should not wear gowns, and that the edifices in which they worshiped should have square-topped windows. Absurd as all this may seem to-day, and wicked as it will probably appear a century hence, it formed and form, no small part of sectarian belief; and entered into the animosities and jealousies of those who seem to think it necessary to quarrel for the love of God. Could we but look back at our own changes of opinion, it would render us less confident of the justice of our sentiments; and, most of all, one would think, that the American, who has lived long enough to witness the summersets which have been thrown in the practices and creeds of most of the more modern sects of his own country, within the last quarter of a century, would have acquired something like a suitable respect for the more stable and venerable divisions of the Christian world.

"Proper vestments!" repeated Ithuel, with contempt; "what vestments are wanting in the eyes of the Supreme Being? No; if I *must* have religion — and I know it 's necessary and

whullsum', let it be a pure, *naked* religion, which will stand to reason. Is not that thinking, Monsieur Rule?"

"*Ma foi, oui.* Reason before all things, Ghita; and, most of all, reason in religion."

"Ah! Raoul, this it is which misleads and betrays you," returned the girl, earnestly. "Faith, and a meek dependence, are what make a proper state of feeling; and yet you demand a reason of Him who created the universe, and breathed into you the breath of life!"

"Are we not reasoning creatures, Ghita," returned Raoul, gently, and yet with a sincerity and truth, for the circumstances, which rendered even his scepticism piquant and respectable; "and is it unreasonable to expect us to act up to our natures? Can I worship a God I do not understand?"

"Couldst thou worship one thou *didst?* He would cease to be a deity, and would become one of ourselves, were his nature and attributes brought down to the level of our comprehensions. Did one of thy followers come on this quarter-deck and insist on hearing all thine own motives for the orders given

in this little felucca, how readily wouldst thou drive him back as mutinous and insolent; and yet thou wouldst question the God of the universe, and pry into His mysteries?"

Raoul was mute, while Ithuel stared. It was so seldom that Ghita lost her exceeding gentleness of manner, that the flush of her cheek, the severe earnestness of her eyes, the impassioned modulations of her voice, and the emphasis with which she spoke on this occasion, produced a sort of awe which prevented the discourse from proceeding further. The girl, herself, was so much excited that, after sitting for a minute with her hands before her face, the tears were seen forcing their way through her fingers. She then arose, and darted into the cabin. Raoul was too observant of the rules of propriety to think of following; but he sat moody and lost in thought, until Ithuel drew his attention to himself.

"Gals will be gals," said that refined and philosophical observer of the human family, "and nothing touches their natur's sooner than a little religious excitement. I dare say, if it wasn't for images, and cardinals, and bishops, and such creaturs, the Italians (Ithuel always

pronounced this word *Eye*talians) would make a very good sort of Christians."

But Raoul was in no humour to converse; and as the hour had now arrived when the zephyr was to be expected, he rose, ordered the awning to be taken in, and prepared to make himself master of the state of things around him. There lay the frigate, taking her siesta, like all near; her three topsails standing, but every other sail that was loose, hanging in festoons, waiting for the breeze. Notwithstanding her careless appearance, so closely had she been tended for the last few hours however, and so sedulously had even the smallest breath of air been improved, that Raoul started with surprise when he found how much nearer she was than when he had last looked at her. The whole trick was apparent to him at a glance; and he was compelled to acknowledge his own remissness when he perceived that he lay within the reach of the shot of this powerful foe; though still so distant as to render her aim a little uncertain, more especially should a sea get up. The felucca had burnt to the water's edge; but, owing to the smoothness of the water, her

wreck still floated, and was slowly setting into the bay, there being a slight current in that direction where she now lay. The town was basking in the afternoon's sun, though hid from view, and the whole island of Elba had the appearance of being asleep.

"What a siesta!" said Raoul to Ithuel, as both stood on the heel of the bowsprit, looking curiously at the scene, — sea, land, mountains, bourgeois, and mariners, all dozing. "*Bien*, there is life yonder at the west, and we must get farther from *votre Proserpine*. Call the hands, Monsieur Lieutenant! Let us get out our sweeps, and put the head of Le Feu-Follet the other way. *Peste!* the lugger is so sharp, and has such a trick of going exactly where she looks, that I am afraid she has been crawling up towards her enemy, as the child creeps into the fire that burns its fingers."

All hands were soon in motion on board Le Feu-Follet; the sweeps were on the point of being handled, when the jigger fluttered, and the first puff of the expected western breeze swept along the surface of the waters. To the seamen it was like inhaling oxygen gas. Every appearance of drowsiness deserted the

people of both vessels, and every one was instantly busy in making sail. Raoul had a proof into what dangerous proximity to the frigate he had got by the sound of the calls on board her; and the stillness of the sea was yet so great, that the creaking of her fore-yard was actually audible to him as the English rounded in their braces briskly, while laying their fore-topsail aback.

At that moment a second respiration of the atmosphere gave birth to the breeze. Raoul whistled for the wind, and the lugger moved ahead, gliding towards the frigate. But in half a minute she had gathered sufficient way, her helm was put down, and she came round as easily and as gracefully as the bird turns on his wing. Not so with the heavier frigate. She had hauled in her starboard head-braces, and had to get the fore-topsail aback, and to pay well off with her head to leeward, in order to swing her yards and fill her sails, while Le Feu-Follet was slipping through the water, going seemingly into the wind's eye. By this single evolution the lugger gained more than a cable's length on her enemy, and five minutes more would have put her beyond all immediate

danger. But Captain Cuffe knew this as well as his competitor, and had made his preparations accordingly. Keeping his head-yards aback, he knocked his ship round off, until her broadside bore on the lugger, when he let fly every gun of his starboard-batteries, the utmost care having been taken to make the shot tell. Twenty-two heavy round-shot coming in at once upon a little craft like Le Feu-Follet was a fearful visitation, and the boldest held their breath for a time as the iron whirlwind whistled past them. Fortunately the lugger was not hulled, but a grave amount of mischief was done aloft. The jigger-mast was cut in two, and flew upward like a pipe-stem; a serious wound was given to the main-mast below the hounds; and the yard itself was shivered in the slings. No less than six shot plunged through both luggs, leaving holes in the canvass which made it resemble a beggar's shirt, and the jib-stay was cut in two half-way between the mast-head and the end of the bowsprit. No one was hurt, and yet, for a moment, every one looked as if destruction had suddenly lighted on the lugger. Then it was that Raoul came out in his

true colours. He knew he could not spare a stitch of canvass just at that moment, but that on the next ten minutes depended everything. Nothing was taken in, therefore, to secure spars and sails, but all was left to stand, trusting to the lightness of the breeze, which usually commenced very moderately. Hands were immediately set to work, to get up a new stay; a new main-yard and sail were got along, and everything was prepared for hoisting both as soon as it could be ascertained that the mast would bear them. Nearly similar preparations were made forward, as the shortest way of getting rid of the torn fore-sail, — for these it was the intention to unbend and bend, the yard being sound.

Luckily, Captain Cuffe determined to lose no more time with his guns; but swinging his head-yards, the frigate came sweeping up to the wind, and in three minutes everything was trimmed for the utmost. All this time Le Feu-Follet had not stood still. Her canvass fluttered, but it held on, and even the spars kept their places, though so much injured. In a word, the wind was not yet strong enough to tear the one or to carry away

the other. It was an advantage, too, that these casualties, particularly the loss of her jigger, rendered Le Feu-Follet less weatherly than she would otherwise have been, since; by keeping the frigate directly in her wake she was less exposed to the chase-guns than she would have been a little on either bow. Of this truth Raoul was soon persuaded, the Proserpine beginning to work both her bow-guns as soon as she came to the wind, though neither exactly bore, the shot of one ranging a little to windward, and the other about as much on the other side. By these shot, too, the young Frenchman soon had the satisfaction of seeing that, notwithstanding her injuries, the lugger was drawing ahead, — a fact of which the English became so sensible themselves that they soon ceased firing.

So far, things went better than Raoul had reason at first to hope; though he well knew that the crisis was yet to come. The westerly wind often blew fresh at that period of the day, and should it now increase he would require all his canvass to get clear of a ship with the known qualities of the vessel in chase. How much longer his mast or his main-yard

would stand he did not know; but as he was fast gaining, he determined to make hay while the sun shone, and get far enough ahead, if possible before the breeze grew fresh, to enable him to shift his sails and fish his spars, without being again brought within the reach of visiters so rude as those who had so lately come hurtling into his thin hamper. The proper precautions were not neglected in the mean time. Men were sent aloft to do what they could, under the circumstances, with the two spars; and the strain was a little relieved by keeping the lugger as much away, as might be done without enabling the frigate to set her studding sails.

There is always something so exciting in a chase, that seamen never fail to wish for more wind; forgetful that the power which increases their own speed may also increase the speed of the other party, and that, too, in an undue proportion. It would have been more favourable to Le Feu-Follet to have had less wind than even now blew, since her relative rate of sailing was greater in light than in strong breezes. Raoul knew from Ithuel's statements that the Proserpine was an exceedingly fast ship, more

especially when it blew fresh; and yet it did not appear to him that his lugger got along with sufficient speed, though his enemy would be certain to follow at a rate of sailing in a just proportion to his own, did there come more wind.

The wish of the young privateersman, however, was soon gratified. The wind freshened materially, and by the time the two vessels opened the Canal of Corsica, as the passage between that island and Elba is called, the frigate was obliged to take in her royals, and two or three of those light and lofty staysails, which it was then the custom for ships to carry. At first, Raoul had thought he might fetch into Bastia, which lies due-west of the southern end of Elba; but though the wind drew a little down through the canal, it soon blew too fresh to allow any formation of the land materially to alter its current. The zephyr, as the afternoon's summer breeze of southern Italy, in particular, was termed by the ancients, is seldom a due-west wind, there generally being a little northing in it, as seamen say; and, as one gets farther up the coast, this same wind ordinarily comes round

the head of Corsica, blowing from nearly west-north-west. This would have enabled the lugger to lay her course for a deep bay on which lies the town of Biguglia, could she have been jammed up on a wind, as might usually have been done; but, a few minutes of experiment convinced Raoul that he must be more tender of his wounded spars, and keep off for the mouth of the Golo. This was a river of some size into which it was possible for a vessel of a light draught to enter; and, as a small battery stood near the anchorage, he determined to seek shelter in that haven, in order to repair his damages. His calculations were made accordingly, and, taking the snow-clad peaks in the neighbourhood of Corte as his land-marks, he ordered the lugger to be steered in the proper direction.

On board the Proserpine scarcely less interest was felt in the result, than on board Le Feu-Follet. If the people of the frigate had nothing to apprehend, they had something to revenge; in addition to the anticipated credit of having captured the boldest privateer that sailed out of France. For a short time, as the ship came up with the

west-end of Elba, it was a serious question whether she would be able to weather it, the lugger having gone past, within a cable's-length of the cliffs, on the very verge of the breakers, and much closer in than the frigate would dare to follow. But the last had taken the breeze farther off the land than the first, and might possibly fetch past the promontory on the tack she was then steering. To have gone about would have been to abandon the chase, as it would have carried the ship off, due north, while Le Feu-Follet was gliding down to the southward and westward, at the rate of seven knots. The distance across the canal is only about thirty miles, and there would not have been time to recover the lost ground.

This uncertainty made a most feverish moment on board the Proserpine, as she came up fast towards the headland. All depended on getting by without tacking. The appearances were favourable for deep water close in; but there is always the danger of rocks to be dreaded near mountainous coasts. The promontory, too, was comparatively low; and this was rather an indication that it ought not to

be approached too closely. Winchester was in his berth, just beginning to feel the smart of his wound; but Griffin was at the captain's elbow; both he and the third-lieutenant entering keenly into all their commander's wishes and anxieties.

"There she goes, into the very breakers!" exclaimed Cuffe, as they watched Le Feu-Follet in her attempt to pass the promontory; "Monsieur Yvard must be determined to cast away his craft rather than be taken. It will be touch and go with him."

"I think not, Captain Cuffe," answered Griffin; "the coast is bold hereabouts, and even the Proserpine would find sufficient water there, where the lugger now is. I hope we shall not be obliged to tack, sir."

"Ay, this is very well for an irresponsible; but when it got to a court, and punishment, I fear that all the last would fall on my shoulders, should his Majesty's ship happen to lay her bones alongshore here. No, no, Griffin; we must go a clear cable's-length to windward of *that*, or I go about, though Raoul Yvard were never taken."

"There, he fetches-up, by George!" cried

Yelverton, the youngest lieutenant; and for a moment it was, in truth, believed in the frigate that Le Feu-Follet, as a breaker actually curled directly under her lee, was aground. But this notion lasted a moment only, the little lugger continuing her course as swiftly as before; and a minute or two later, keeping a little away, to ease her spars, having been jammed up as close as possible previously, in order to weather the extreme end of what was thought to be the dangerous point. The frigate was full two miles astern; and instead of losing anything of her vantage-ground, she was kept so near the wind as to be occasionally touching. This was the more safe, inasmuch as the sea was perfectly smooth, and the vessel made no lee-way. Still the frigate looked, as it is termed, barely up to the point it was deemed indispensable to weather; and as ships rarely "do" better than they "look," it became a question of serious doubt on board the Proserpine, as she came up with the headland, whether she could clear it.

"I am afraid, Captain Cuffe, we shall never clear it with a good-enough berth, sir," observed the fidgeting Griffin; "it seems to me

that the ship sets unaccountably to leeward to-day!"

"She never behaved better, Griffin. I am really in hopes there is a slight current off-shore here; if anything, we actually open the highlands of Corsica by this promontory. You see that the wreck of La Divina Providenza is sweeping round the bay, and is coming out to windward again."

"*That* may serve us, indeed! All ready in the chains, sir!—shall we make a cast of the lead?"

Cuffe assented, and the lead was hove. At this moment the ship was going eight knots, and the man reported no bottom with fifteen fathoms of line out. This was well; and two or three subsequent casts confirmed it. Orders were now given to drag every bowline, swig-off on every brace, and flatten-in all the sheets. Even the halyards were touched, in order that the sails might stand like boards. The trying moment was near; five minutes must decide the matter.

"Let her shake a little, Mr. Yelverton, and eat into the wind," said Cuffe, addressing the officer of the watch; "we must do all we can

here, for when abreast of the breakers everything must be a rap-full, to keep the ship under quick command. "There—meet her with the helm, and give her a good full."

This experiment was repeated twice, and each time the frigate gained her length to windward, though she necessarily lost more than three times that distance in her velocity. At length the trial came, and a profound silence, one in which nervousness and anxiety were blended with hope, reigned in the vessel. The eyes of all turned from the sails to the breakers, from the breakers to the sails, and from both to the wake of the ship.

At such moments the voice of the lead's-man prevails over all other sounds. His warning cry is listened to with breathless attention, when the songs of a siren would be unheard. Cast after cast was made, as the ship drove on, and the answer to Cuffe's questions was uniformly "no bottom, sir, with fifteen fathoms out;" but, just at this instant arose the regular song from the weather main-chains of "by the mark seven!" This came so suddenly on the Captain's ear, that he sprang upon the taffrail, where he could command a full view of

all he wanted to see; and then he called out in a stentorian voice:—

"Heave again, sir!—be brisk, my lad!—be brisk!"

"Be-e-e-ther-r-r-dee-e-e-eep six!" followed almost as soon as the Captain's voice had ceased.

"Ready-about!" shouted Cuffe. "See all clear, gentlemen. Move lively, men; move lively."

"And-a-a-eh half-ef-four—"

"Stand by! What the devil are you at, sir, on that forecastle?—Are you ready, forward?"

"All ready, sir—"

"Down with your helm — hard down at once—"

"Be-e-e-ther-r-r-dee-e-e-p nine—"

"Meet her!— up with your helm.—Haul down your sheets, forward — brail the spanker — let go all the bowlines aft.—So—well, there, well.—She flew round like a top; but, by Jove, we've caught her, gentlemen. — Drag your bowlines, again.—What's the news from the chains?"

"No bottom, sir, with fifteen fathoms out

—and as good a cast too, sir, as we've had to-day."

"So—you're rap full—don't fall off—very well dyce" (*Anglice*, thus)—"keep her as you are.—Well, by the Lord, Griffin, that *was* a shave; half-four was getting to be squally, in a quarter of the world where a rock makes nothing of pouting its lips fifteen or twenty feet at a time at a mariner. We are past it all, however, and here is the land trending away to the southward, like a man in a consumption, fairly under our lee. A dozen Raoul Yvards wouldn't lead me into such a d——d scrape again!"

"The danger which is over, is no longer a danger at all, sir," answered Griffin, laughing. "Don't you think, Captain Cuffe, that we might ease her about half a point; that would be just her play; and the lugger keeps off a little, I rather suspect, to ease her mainmast. I'm certain I saw chips fly from it, when we dosed her with them two-and-twenty pills."

"Perhaps you're right, Griffin. Ease her with the helm a little, Mr. Yelverton. If Master Yvard stands on his present course an hour longer, Biguglia will be too far to windward

for him; and, as for Bastia, that has been out of the question from the first. There is a river called Golo, into which he might run; and that, I rather think, is his aim. Four hours, however, will let us into the secret."

And four intensely interesting hours were those which succeeded. The wind was a cap-full; a good, fresh, westerly breeze, which seemed to have started out of the oven-like heat of a week of intensely hot weather which had preceded it, and to have collected the force of two or three zephyrs into one. It was not a gale at all, nor did it induce either party to think of reefing; for, no trifle would have done that under the circumstances; but it caused the Proserpine to furl her fore and mizzen-top-gallant-sails, and put Raoul in better humour with the loss of his jigger. When fairly round the headland, and at a moment when he fancied the frigate would be compelled to tack, the latter had seized an opportunity to get in his foresail, to unbend it, and to bend and set a new one; an operation which took just four minutes by the watch. He would have tried the same experiment with the other lugg, but the mast was scarcely worth the risk, and he

thought the holes might act as reefs and thus diminish the strain. In these four hours, owing to the disadvantage under which Le Feu-Follet laboured, there was not a difference of half a knot in the distance run by the two vessels, though each passed over more than thirty miles of water. During this time they had been drawing rapidly nearer to the coast of Corsica, the mountains of which, ragged and crowned with nearly eternal snows, had been glittering in the afternoon's sun, before them, though they lay many a long league inland. But the formation of the coast itself had now become plain, and Raoul, an hour before the sun disappeared, had noted his landmarks, by which to make for the river he intended to enter. The eastern coast of Corsica is as deficient in bays and harbours as its western is affluent with them ; and this Golo, for which the lugger was shaping her course, would never have been thought of as a place of shelter under ordinary circumstances. But, Raoul had once anchored in its mouth, and he deemed it the very spot in which to elude his enemy. It had shoals off its embouchure; and these, he rightly enough fancied, would induce Captain Cuffe to be wary.

As the evening approached, the wind began to decrease in force, and then the people of the lugger lost all their apprehensions. The spars had all stood, and Raoul no longer hesitated about trusting his wounded mainmast with a new yard and sail. Both were got up, and the repairs were immediately commenced. The superiority of the lugger in sailing was now so great, as to put it out of all question that she was not to be overtaken in the chase; and Raoul, at one time, actually thought of turning up along the land, and going into Bastia, where he might even provide himself with a new mainmast at need. But this idea, on reflection, he abandoned as too hazardous; and he continued on, in the direction of the mouth of the Golo.

Throughout the day the Proserpine had shown no colours, except for the short period when her boats were engaged, and while she herself was firing at the lugger. The same was the fact with Le Feu-Follet, though Raoul had run up the tri-colour as he opened on the felucca, and he kept it flying as long as there was any appearance of hostilities. As the two vessels drew in near to the land, se-

veral coasters were seen beating up against the westerly wind, or running down before it, all of which, however, seemed so much to distrust the appearance of the lugger, as to avoid her as far as was possible. This was a matter of indifference to our hero, who knew that they were all probably countrymen; or, at least, smugglers who would scarcely reward him for the trouble had he the time to bring them to, and capture them. Corsica was then again, in the hands of the French, the temporary and imperfect possession of the English having terminated three or four years earlier; and Raoul felt certain of a welcome anywhere in the island, and of protection wherever it could be offered. Such was the state of things, when, just as the lugger was preparing to enter among the shoals, the Proserpine unexpectedly tacked, and seemed to bestow all her attention on the coasters, of which three or four were so near that two fell into her hands almost without an effort to escape.

It appeared to Raoul, and those with him in his little craft, that the English seized these insignificant vessels solely with a wish for vengeance, since it was not usual for ships of

the force of the Proserpine to turn aside to molest the poor fishermen and coasters. A few execrations followed, quite as a matter of course; but the intricacy of the channel and the necessity of having all his eyes about him, soon drove every other thought from the mind of the dashing privateersman, but such as were connected with the care and safety of his own vessel.

Just as the sun set Le Feu-Follet anchored. She had chosen a berth sufficiently within the shallow water to be safe from the guns of the frigate, though scarcely within the river. The latter the depth of the stream hardly permitted, though there was all the shelter that the season and weather required. The Proserpine manifested no intention to give up her pursuit; for she, too, came off the outlet, and brought up with one of her bowers, about two miles to seaward of the lugger. She seemed to have changed her mind as to the coasters, having let both proceed, after a short detention; though, it falling calm, neither was enabled to get any material distance from her, until the land-breeze should rise. In these positions, the belligerents prepared to pass the

night, each party taking the customary precautions as to his ground tackle, and each clearing up the decks and going through the common routine of duty, as regularly as if he lay in a friendly port.

CHAPTER II.

The human mind, that lofty thing !
The palace and the throne
Where reason sits, a sceptred king,
And breathes his judgment tone ;
Oh ! who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor in his weakness own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing—the human mind.

Anonymous.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the glories of the Mediterranean. They are familiar to every traveller, and books have again and again laid them before the imaginations of readers of all countries and ages. Still there are lights and shades peculiar to every picture, and this of ours has some of its own which merit a passing notice. A sunset in midsummer can add to the graces of almost any scene. Such was the hour when Raoul anchored ; and Ghita, who had come on deck

now that the chase was over and the danger was thought to be past, fancied she had never seen her own Italy, or the blue Mediterranean, more lovely.

The shadows of the mountains were cast far upon the sea long ere the sun had actually gone down, throwing the witchery of eventide over the whole of the eastern coast some time before it came to grace its western. Corsica and Sardinia resemble vast fragments of the Alps which have fallen into the sea by some accident of nature, where they stand in sight of their native beds, resembling, as it might be, out-posts to those great walls of Europe. Their mountains have the same formations, the same white peaks,—for no small portion of the year at least,—and their sides the same mysterious and riven aspect. In addition, however, to their other charms, they have one which is wanting in most of Switzerland, though traces of it are to be found in Savoy and on the southern side of the Alps; they have that strange admixture of the soft and the severe, of the sublime and beautiful, that so peculiarly characterizes the witchery of Italian nature. Such was now the aspect of

all visible from the deck of Le Feu-Follet. The sea, with its dark blue tint, was losing every trace of the western wind, and was becoming glassy and tranquil; the mountains on the other side were solemn and grand, just showing their ragged outlines along a sky glowing with "the pomp that shuts the day;" while the nearer valleys and narrow plains were mysterious, yet soft, under the deep shadows they cast. Pianosa lay nearly opposite, distant some twenty miles, rising out of the water like a beacon; Elba was visible to the north-east, a gloomy confused pile of mountain at that hour; and Ghita once or twice thought she could trace on the coast of the main the dim outline of her own hill, Monte Argentaro; though the distance, some sixty or seventy miles, rendered this improbable. Outside, too, lay the frigate, riding on the glassy surface of the sea; her sails furled, her yards squared, everything about her cared for and in its place, until she formed a faultless picture of nautical symmetry and naval propriety. There are all sorts of men in a marine, as well as in civil life; these taking things as they come, content to

perform their duties in the most quiet manner, while others, again, have some such liking for their vessels as the dandy has for his own person, and are never happy unless embellishing them. The truth in this, as in most other matters, lies in a medium; the officer who thinks too much of the appearance of his vessel, seldom having mind enough to bestow due attention on the great objects for which she was constructed and is sailed; while, on the other hand, he who is altogether indifferent to these appearances, is usually thinking of things foreign to his duty and his profession; if, indeed, he thinks at all. Cuffe was near the just medium, inclining a little too much, perhaps, to the naval dandy. The Proserpine, thanks to the builders of Toulon, was thought to be the handsomest model then afloat in the Mediterranean, and, like an established beauty, all who belonged to her were fond of decorating her, and of showing her fine proportions to advantage. As she now lay at single anchor, just out of gun-shot from his own berth, Raoul could not avoid gazing at her with envy, and a bitter feeling passed through his mind when he recalled

the chances of fortune and of birth, which deprived him of the hope of ever rising to the command of such a frigate, but which doomed him, seemingly, to the fate of a privateersman for life.

Nature had intended Raoul Yvard for a much higher destiny than that which apparently awaited his career. He had come into active life with none of the advantages that accompany the accidents of birth, and, at a moment, in the history of his great nation, when its morals and its religious sentiments had become unsettled by the violent reaction which was throwing off the abuses of centuries. They who imagine, however, that France, as a whole, was guilty of the gross excesses that disfigured her struggles for liberty, know little of the great mass of moral feeling which endured through all the abominations of the times; and mistake the crimes of a few desperate leaders, and the exaggerations of misguided impulses, for a radical and universal depravity. The France of the Reign of Terror, even, has little more to answer for than the compliance which makes bodies of men the instruments of the enthusiastic,

the designing, and the active—America often tolerating error, which differs only in the degree, under the same blind submission to combinations and impulses; this very degree, too, depending more on the accidents of history and, natural causes, than any agencies which are to be imputed to the one party, as a fault, or, to the other, as a merit. It was with Raoul, as it had been with his country — each was the creature of circumstances; and if the man had some of the faults, he had also most of the merits of his nation and his age. The looseness on the subject of religion, which was his principal defect in the eyes of Ghita, but which could scarcely fail to be a material one with a girl educated and disposed as was the case with our heroine, was the error of the day, and with Raoul it was at least sincere; a circumstance which rendered him, with one so truly pious as the gentle being he loved, the subject of a holy interest, which, in itself, almost rivalled the natural tenderness of her sex, in behalf of the object of her affections.

While the short engagement with the boats lasted, and during the few minutes he was

under the fire of the frigate, Raoul had been himself; the excitement of actual war always nerving him to deeds worthy of his command, and the high name he had acquired; but throughout the remainder of the day he had felt little disposed to strife. The chase, once assured that his spars were likely to stand, gave him little concern; and now that he was at anchor within the shallow water, he felt much as the traveller who has found a comfortable inn after the fatigue of a hard day's ride. When Ithuel suggested the possibility of a night-attack in boats, he laughingly reminded the American that "the burnt child dreads the fire," and gave himself no great concern in the matter. Still, no proper precaution was neglected. Raoul was in the habit of exacting much of his men in moments of necessity; but, at all other times, he was as indulgent as a kind father among obedient and respectful children. This quality, and the never-varying constancy and coolness which he displayed in danger, were the secret of his great influence with them; every seaman under his orders feeling certain, that no severe duty was required at

his hands without a corresponding necessity for it.

On the present occasion, when the people of Le Feu-Follet had supped, they were indulged in their customary dance; and the romantic songs of Provence were heard on the forecastle. A light-hearted gaiety prevailed, which wanted only the presence of woman to make the scene resemble the evening amusement of some hamlet on the coast. Nor was the sex absent in the sentiment of the hour, or wholly so in person. The songs were full of chivalrous gallantry, and Ghita listened, equally touched and amused. She sat on the taffrail, with her uncle standing at her side, while Raoul paced the quarter-deck, stopping in his turn to utter some thought or wish to ears which were always attentive. At length the song and the dance ended, and all but the few who were ordered to remain on watch descended to their hammocks. The change was as sudden as it was striking. The solemn, breathing stillness of a star-lit night succeeded to the light laugh, melodious song, and spirited merriment of a set of men; whose constitutional gaiety seemed

to be restrained by a species of native refinement unknown to the mariners of other regions, and who, unnurtured as they might be deemed in some respects, seldom or never offended against the proprieties; as is so common with the mariners of the Anglo-Saxon race. By this time the cool air from the mountains began to descend, and floating over the heated sea, it formed a light land-breeze which blew in an exactly contrary direction to that which, about the same hour, came off from the adjacent continent. There was no moon; but the night could not be called dark. Myriads of stars gleamed out from the fathomless firmament, filling the atmosphere with a light which served to render objects sufficiently distinct; while it left them clad in a semi-obscurity that suited the witchery of the scene and the hour. Raoul felt the influence of all these circumstances in an unusual degree. It disposed him to more sobriety of thought than always attended his leisure moments, and he took a seat on the taffrail near Ghita, while her uncle went below, to his knees and his prayers.

Every foot-fall in the lugger had now ceas-

ed. Ithuel was posted on a knight-head, where he sat watching his old enemy, the Proserpine; the proximity of that ship not allowing him to sleep. Two experienced seamen, who alone formed the regular anchor-watch, as it is termed, were stationed apart, in order to prevent conversation; one on the starboard cat-head, and the other in the main rigging; both keeping vigilant ward over the tranquil sea, and the different objects which floated on its placid bosom. In that retired spot, these objects were necessarily few, embracing the frigate, the lugger, and three coasters; the latter of which had all been boarded before the night set in by the Proserpine, and after short detentions dismissed. One of these coasters lay about halfway between the two hostile vessels, at anchor, having come-to, after making some fruitless efforts to get to the northward by means of the expiring west-wind. Although the light land-breeze would now have sufficed to carry her a knot or two through the water, she preferred maintaining her position, and giving her people a good night's rest, to getting underway. The situation of this felucca, and the circumstance that she had been boarded by the

frigate, rendered her an object of some distrust with Raoul, through the early part of the evening, and he had ordered a vigilant eye to be kept on her; but nothing had been discovered to confirm these suspicions. The movements of her people — the manner in which she brought-up—the quiet which prevailed on board her, and even the lubberly disposition of her spars and rigging, went to satisfy Raoul that she had no man-of-war's men on board her. Still, as she lay less than a mile outside of the lugger, though now dead to leeward all that distance, she was to be watched; and one of the seamen, he in the rigging, rarely had his eyes off her a minute at a time. The second coaster was a little to the southward of the frigate, under her canvass, hauling in for the land; doubtless with a view to get as much as possible of the breeze from the mountains; and standing slowly to the south. She had been set by compass an hour before, and all that time had altered her bearings but half a point, though not a league off—a proof how light she had the wind. The third coaster, a small felucca, too, was to the northward; but, ever since the land-breeze, if breeze it could be

called, had come, she had been busy turning slowly up to windward; and seemed disposed either to cross the shoals closer in than the spot where the lugger lay, or to enter the Golo. Her shadowy outline was visible, though drawn against the land, moving slowly athwart the lugger's hawse, perhaps half a mile in-shore of her. As there was a current setting out of the river, and all the vessels rode with their heads to the island, Ithuel occasionally turned his head to watch her progress; which was so slow, however, as to produce very little change.

After looking around him several minutes in silence, Raoul turned his face upward and gazed at the stars.

"You probably do not know, Ghita," said he, "the use those stars may be and are to us, mariners. By their aid we are enabled to tell where we are, in the midst of the broadest oceans—to know the points of the compass; and to feel at home even when furthest removed from it. The seaman must go far south of the equator, at least, before he can reach a spot where he does not see the same stars which he beheld from the door of his father's house."

"That is a new thought to me," answered Ghita, quickly, her tender nature at once struck with the feeling and poetry of such an idea; "that is a new thought to me, Raoul; and I wonder you never mentioned it before. It is a great thing to be able to carry home and familiar objects with you when so distant from those you love."

"Did you never hear that lovers have chosen an hour and a star, by gazing at which they might commune together, though separated by oceans and countries?"

"That is a question you might put to yourself, Raoul; all I have ever heard of lovers and love having come from your own lips."

"Well, then, I tell it you; and hope that we shall not part again without selecting *our* star and *our* hour—if, indeed, we ever part more. Though I have forgotten to tell you this, Ghita, it is because you are never absent from my thoughts—no star is necessary to recall Monte Argentaro and the Towers."

If we should say Ghita was not pleased with this, it would be to raise her above an amiable and a natural weakness. Raoul's protestations never fell dead on her heart; and few things

were sweeter to her ear than his words as they declared his devotedness and passion. The frankness with which he admitted his delinquencies, and most especially the want of that very religious sentiment which was of so much value in the eyes of his mistress, gave an additional weight to his language, when he affirmed his love. Notwithstanding Ghita blushed as she now listened she did not smile; she rather appeared sad. For nearly a minute she made no reply, and when she did answer, it was in a low voice, like one who felt and thought intensely.

"Those stars may well have a higher office," she said. "Look at them, Raoul;—count them we cannot, for they seem to start out of the depths of heaven one after another, as the eye rests upon the space, until they mock our efforts at calculation. We see they are there in thousands, and may well believe they are in myriads. Now thou hast been taught, else couldst thou never be a navigator, that those stars are worlds like our own, or suns, with worlds sailing around them; how is it possible to see and know this, without believing in a God, and feeling the insignificance of our being?"

"I do not deny that there is a power to govern all this, Ghita—but I maintain that it is a principle; not a being in our shape and form, and that it is the reason of things rather than a deity."

"Who has said that God is a being in our shape and form, Raoul? None know that—none *can* know it; none *say* it who reverence and worship Him as they ought."

"Do not your priests say that man has been created in his image? and is not this creating him in his form and likeness?"

"Nay, not so, dear Raoul, but in the image of his spirit; that man hath a soul which partakes, though in a small degree, of the imperishable essence of God; and thus far doth he exist in his image. More than this none have presumed to say. But what a being to be the master of all those bright worlds!"

"Ghita, thou know'st my way of thinking on these matters, and thou also know'st that I would not wound thy gentle spirit by a single word that could grieve thee."

"Nay, Raoul, it is *not* thy way of *thinking*, but thy fashion of *talking*, which makes the difference between us. No one who *thinks* can

ever doubt the existence of a being superior to all of earth and of the universe, and who is Creator and Master of all."

"Of a *principle*, if thou wilt, Ghita; but of a *being*, I ask for the proof. That a mighty principle exists to set all these planets in motion, to create all these stars, and to plant all these suns in space, I never doubted; it would be to question a fact which stands day and night before my eyes; but to suppose a *being* capable of producing all these things, is to believe in beings I never saw."

"And why not as well suppose that it is a being who does all this, Raoul, as to suppose it what you call a principle."

"Because I see principles beyond my understanding at work all around me: in yonder heavy frigate, groaning under her load of artillery, which floats on this thin water; in the trees of the land which lies so near us; in the animals which are born and die; the fishes, the birds, and the human beings. But I see no being—know no being that is able to do all this."

"That is because thou know'st not God! He is the creator of the principles of which

thou speak'st, and is greater than thy principles themselves."

"It is easy to say this, Ghita, but hard to prove. I take the acorn and put it in the ground; in due time it comes up a plant; in the course of years it becomes a tree. Now all this depends on a certain mysterious principle, which is unknown to me, but which I am sure exists; for I can cause it myself to produce its fruits by merely opening the earth and laying the seed in its bosom. Nay, I can do more; so well do I understand this principle, to a certain extent at least, that by choosing the season and the soil I can hasten or retard the growth of the plant, and in a manner fashion the tree."

"True, Raoul, *to a certain extent* thou canst; and it is precisely because thou hast been created after the image of God. The little resemblance thou enjoyest to that mighty Being enables thee to do this much more than the beasts of the field: wert thou his equal thou couldst create that principle of which thou speakest, and which, in thy blindness, thou mistakest for its master."

This was said with more feeling than Ghita

had ever before manifested in their frequent discourses on this subject, and with a solemnity of tone which startled her listener. Ghita had no philosophy, in the common acceptation of the term, while Raoul fancied he had much, under the limitations of a deficient education; and yet the strong religious sentiment of the girl so quickened her faculties, that he had often been made to wonder why she had seemingly the best of the argument on a subject in which he flattered himself with being so strong.

"I rather think, Ghita, we scarcely understand each other," answered Raoul. "I pretend not to see any more than is permitted to man; or rather, more than his powers can comprehend; but this proves nothing, as the elephant understands more than the horse, and the horse more than the fish. There is a principle which pervades everything, which we call Nature; and this it is which has produced these whirling worlds, and all the mysteries of creation. One of its laws is, that nothing it produces shall comprehend its secrets."

"You have only to fancy your principle a

spirit—a being with mind; Raoul, to have the Christian God. Why not believe in Him as easily as you believe in your unknown principle, as you call it?" You know that you exist —that you can build a lugger—can reason on the sun and stars, so as to find your way across the widest ocean, by means of your mind; and why not suppose that some superior being exists who can do even more than this? Your principles can be thwarted even by yourself—the seed can be deprived of its power to grow—the tree destroyed; and if principles can thus be destroyed, some accident may one day destroy creation by destroying its principle. I fear to speak to you of revelation, Raoul, for I know you mock it!"

"Not when it comes from *thy* lips, dearest. I may not *believe*, but I never *mock* at what thou utterest and reverencest."

"I could thank thee for this, Raoul; but I feel that it would be taking to myself a homage which ought to be paid elsewhere. But here is my guitar, and I am sorry to say that the hymn to the Virgin has not been sung on board this lugger to-night; thou canst not

think how sweet is a hymn sung upon the waters! I heard the crew which is anchored towards the frigate, singing that hymn, while thy men were at their light Provençal songs, in praise of woman's beauty; instead of joining in praise of their Creator."

"Thou mean'st to sing thy hymn, Ghita, else the guitar would not have been mentioned?"

"Raoul, I do. I have ever found thy soul the softest after holy music. Who knows but the mercy of God may one day touch it through the notes of this very hymn!"

Ghita paused a moment, and then her light fingers passed over the strings of her guitar in a solemn symphony; after which came the sweet strains of "Ave Maria," in a voice and melody which might, in sooth, have touched a heart of stone. Ghita, a Neapolitan by birth, had all her country's love for music; and she had caught some of the science which seems to pervade nations in that part of the world. Nature had endowed her with one of the most touching voices of her sex; one less powerful than mellow and sweet; and she never used it in a religious office with-

out its becoming tremulous and eloquent with feeling. While she was now singing this well-known hymn, a holy hope pervaded her moral system that, in some miraculous manner, she might become the agent of turning Raoul to the love and worship of God; and the feeling communicated itself to her execution. Never before had she sung so well; as a proof of which, Ithuel left his knight-head and came aft to listen, while the two French mariners on watch, temporarily forgot their duty in entranced attention.

"If anything could make me a believer, Ghita," murmured Raoul, when the last strain had died on the lips of his beloved, "it would be to listen to thy melody! What now, Monsieur Etoocll! are you, too, a lover of holy music?".

"This is rare singing, Captain Rule; but we have different business on hand. If you will step to the other end of the lugger you can take a look at the craft which has been crawling along in-shore of us for the last three hours; there is something about her that is unnat'ral; she seems to be dropping

down nearer to us, while she has no motion through the water. The last circumstance I hold to be unnat'ral with a vessel which has all sail set, and in this breeze."

Raoul pressed the hand of Ghita, and whispered her to go below, as he was fearful the air of the night might injure her. He then went forward where he could command as good a view of the felucca, in-shore, as the obscurity of the hour permitted; and he felt a little uneasiness when he found how near she had got to the lugger. When he last noted her position, this vessel was quite half-a-mile distant, and appeared to be crossing the bows of Le Feu-Follet, with sufficient wind to have carried her a mile ahead in the interval; yet could he not perceive that she had advanced so far in that direction as she had drifted down upon the lugger, the while.

"Have you been examining her long?" he demanded of the New-Hampshire-man.

"Ever since she has seemed to stand still; which is now some twenty minutes. She is dull, I suppose; for she has been several hours getting along a league; and there is now air enough for such a craft to go three knots to

the hour. Her coming down upon us is easily accounted for, there being a considerable current out of this river, as you may see by the ripple at our own cut-water; but I find nothing to keep her from going ahead at the same time. I set her by the light you see here in the wake of the nearest mountain, at least a quarter of an hour since, and she has not advanced five times her own length since."

"'Tis nothing but a Corsican coaster, after all, Etooell; I hardly think the English would risk our canister again, for the pleasure of being beaten off in another attempt to board!"

"They're a spiteful set aboard the frigate; and the Lord only knows! See, here is a good heavy night-air, and that felucca is not a cable's-length from us! set her by the jibstay, and judge for yourself how slowly she goes ahead! That it is, which non-plushes *me*!"

Raoul did as the other desired, and, after a short trial, he found that the coaster had no perceptible motion ahead; while it was certain she was drifting down with the current, directly athwart the lugger's hawse. This fact satis-

fied him that she must have drags astern; a circumstance which at once denoted a hostile intention. The enemy was probably on board the felucca in force; and it was incumbent on him to make immediate preparations for defence.

Still, Raoul was reluctant to disturb his people. Like all firm and cool men, he was averse to the parade of a false alarm; and it seemed so improbable that the lesson of the morning was so soon forgotten, that he could hardly persuade himself to believe his senses. Then the men had been very hard at work throughout the day; and most of them were sleeping the sleep of the weary. On the other hand, every minute brought the coaster nearer and increased the danger should the enemy be really in possession of her. Under all the circumstances, he determined first to hail; knowing that his crew could be got up in a minute, and that they slept with arms at their sides, under an apprehension that a boat attack might possibly be attempted in the course of the night.

"Felucca, ahoy!" called out the captain of Le Feu-Follet, the other craft being too

near to render any great effort of the voice necessary: "What felucca is that? and why have you so great a drift?"

"La Bella Corsienne!" was the answer, in a *patois* half French, half Italian, as Raoul expected, if all were right. "We are bound into La Padulella; and wish to keep in with the land to hold the breeze the longer. We are no great sailer at the best, and have a drift because we are just now in the strength of the current."

"At this rate, you will come athwart my hawse.—You know I am armèd, and cannot suffer that!"

"Ah, Signore, we are friends of the republic, and would not harm you if we could. We hope you will not injure poor mariners like us. We will keep away, if you please, and pass you under your stern."

This proposition was made so suddenly and so unexpectedly that Raoul had not time to object; and had he been disposed to do so, the execution was too prompt to allow him the means. The felucca fell broad off and came down almost in a direct line for the lugger's bows, before the wind and current, mov-

ing fast enough now to satisfy all Ithuel's scruples.

"Call all hands to repel boarders!" cried Raoul, springing aft to the capstan and seizing his own arms: "Come up lively, *mes enfans!* — here is treachery!"

These words were hardly uttered before Raoul was back on the heel of the bowsprit, and the most active of his men — some five or six, at most — began to show themselves on deck. In that brief space the felucca had got within eighty yards, when, to the surprise of all in the lugger, she luffed into the wind again and drifted down, until it was apparent that she was foul of the lugger's cable, her stern swinging round directly on the latter's starboard bow. At that instant, or just as the two vessels came in actual contact, and Raoul's men were thronging around him to meet the expected attack, the sounds of oars, pulled for life or death, were heard, and flames burst upward from the open hatch of the coaster. Then a boat was dimly seen gliding away, in a line with the hull, by the glowing light.

"*Un brûlot! — Un brûlot!* — a fire-ship! —

exclaimed twenty voices together: the horror which mingled in the cries proclaiming the extent of a danger which is, perhaps, the most terrific that seamen can encounter.

But the voice of Raoul Yvard was not among them. The moment his eye caught the first glimpse of the flames, he disappeared from the bowsprit. He might have been absent about twenty seconds. Then he was seen on the taffrail of the felucca, with a spare shank-painter, which had been lying on the forecastle, on his shoulder.

"Antoine!—François!—Grégoire!"—he called out, in a voice of thunder,—"follow me!—the rest clear away the cable, and bend a hawser to the better end!"

The people of Le Feu-Follet were trained to order and implicit obedience. By this time, too, the lieutenants were among them; and the men set about doing as they had been directed. Raoul himself passed into the felucca followed by the three men he had selected by name. The adventurers had no difficulty, as yet, in escaping the flames; though, by this time, they were pouring upward from the hatch in a torrent. As Raoul suspected, his cable had

been grappled; and, seizing a rope, he tightened it to a severe strain, securing the in-board part. Then he passed down to the cable himself, directing his companions to hand him the rope-end of the shank-painter, which he fastened to the cable by a jamming hitch. This took half a minute; in half a minute more he was on the felucca's forecastle again. Here the chain was easily passed through a hawse-hole; and a knot tied with a marlinespike passed through its centre. To pass the fire on the return was now a serious matter; but it was done without injury, Raoul driving his companions before him. No sooner did his foot reach the bows of Le Feu-Follet again than he shouted —

"Veer away!— pay out cable, men, if you would save our beautiful lugger from destruction."

Nor was there a moment to spare. The lugger took the cable that was given her fast enough, under the pressure of the current and helped by the breeze; but at first the fire-vessel, already a sheet of flame, her decks having been saturated with tar, seemed disposed to accompany her. To the delight of

all in the lugger, however, the stern of the felucca was presently seen to separate from their own bows: and a sheer having been given to Le Feu-Follet by means of the helm, in a few seconds even her bowsprit and jib had cleared the danger. The felucca rode stationary, while the lugger dropped astern, fathom after fathom, until she lay more than a hundred yards distant from the fiery mass. As a matter of course, while the cable was paid out, the portion to which the lanyard, or rope part of the shank-painter, was fastened, dropped into the water, while the felucca rode by the chain.

These events occupied less than five minutes; and all had been done with a steadiness and promptitude which seemed more like instinct than reason. Raoul's voice was not heard, except in the few orders mentioned; and when, by the glaring light which illuminated all in the lugger and the adjacent water to some distance, nearly to the brightness of noon-day, he saw Ghita gazing at the spectacle in awed admiration and terror; he went to her, and spoke as if the whole were merely a brilliant spectacle, devised for their amusement.

"Our girandola is second only to that of St. Peter's," he said, smiling. "'Twas a narrow escape, love; but, thanks to thy God! —if thou wilt it shall be so—we have received no harm."

"And you have been the agent of his goodness, Raoul; I have witnessed all from this spot. The call to the men brought me on deck; and, oh, how I trembled as I saw you on the flaming mass!"

"It has been cunningly planned on the part of *Messieurs les Anglais*, but it has signally failed. That coaster has a cargo of tar and naval stores on board; and capturing her this evening, they have thought to extinguish our lantern by the brighter and fiercer flame of their own. But Le Feu-Follet will shine again when their fire is dead!"

"Is there, then, no danger that the brûlot will yet come down upon us? she is fearfully near!"

"Not sufficiently so to do us harm; more especially as our sails are damp with dew. Here she cannot come so long as our cable stands; and as that is under water where she lies it cannot burn. In half-an-hour there will

be little of her left, and we will enjoy the bonfire while it lasts."

And, now that the fear of danger was past, it was a sight truly to be enjoyed. Every anxious and curious face in the lugger was to be seen, under that brilliant light, turned toward the glowing mass: as the sun-flower follows the great source of heat in his track athwart the heavens; while the spars, sails, guns, and even the smallest object on board the lugger, started out of the obscurity of night into the brightness of such an illumination, as if composing parts of some brilliant scenic display. But so fierce a flame soon exhausted itself. Before long the felucca's masts fell, and with them a pyramid of fire. Then the glowing deck tumbled in; and, finally, timber after timber and plank after plank fell, until the conflagration in a great measure extinguished itself in the water on which it floated. An hour after the flames appeared, little remained but the embers which were glowing in the hold of the wreck.

CHAPTER III.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
They bow to, but may turn him out next year;
They reverence their priest, but, disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear;
They have a natural talent for foreseeing
And knowing all things;—and should Park appear
From his long tour in Africa to show
The Niger's source, they'd meet him with—We know.

HALLECK.

RAOUL was not mistaken as to the means employed by his enemies, and the manner in which they were obtained. The frigate had found one of the feluccas loaded with naval stores, including some ten or fifteen barrels of tar; and it instantly struck Griffin, who was burning to revenge the defeat of the morning, that the prize might be converted into a fire-vessel. As the second lieutenant volunteered to carry her in, always a desperate service, Cuffe gave his consent. Nothing could have been better

managed than the whole duty connected with this exploit, including the manner in which our hero saved his vessel from destruction. The frigate kept between her prize and the lugger, to conceal the fact that a boat remained on board the former; and when all was ready, the felucca was apparently permitted to proceed on her voyage. The other two prizes were allowed to go free also, as cloaks to the whole affair. Griffin, as has been seen, kept standing in for the land, his object being to get up stream from the lugger, and as near her as possible. When he found himself almost as far ahead as was desirable, drags were used to keep the craft stationary; and in this manner she drifted down on her intended victim, as has been already described. But for the sagacity and uneasiness of Ithuel, the plan would altogether have escaped detection; and but for the coolness, courage, and resources of Raoul it would infallibly have succeeded, notwithstanding the suspicions that had been excited.

Cuffe, and the people on deck, watched the whole affair with the deepest interest. They were barely able to see the sails of the felucca by means of a night-glass as she was dropping

down on the lugger; and Yelverton had just exclaimed that the two vessels were foul of each other when the flames broke out. As a matter of course, at that distance, both craft seemed on fire; and when Le Feu-Follet had dropped a hundred yards nearer to the frigate, leaving the felucca blazing, the two were so exactly in a line as to bring them together as seen from the decks of the former. The English expected every moment to hear the explosion of the lugger's magazine; but as it did not happen they came to the conclusion that it had been drowned. As for Griffin, he pulled inshore both to avoid the fire of Le Feu-Follet, in passing her broadside, and in the hope of intercepting Raoul while endeavouring to escape in a boat. He even went to a landing in the river quite a league from the anchorage, and waited there until long past midnight, when, finding the night beginning to cloud over and the obscurity to increase, he returned to the frigate, giving the smouldering wreck a wide berth for fear of accidents.

Such, then, was the state of things when Captain Cuffe appeared on deck, just as the day began to dawn on the following morning.

He had given orders to be called at that hour, and was now all impatience to get a view of the sea, more particularly in-shore. At length the curtain began slowly to rise, and his view extended farther and farther towards the river until all was visible, even to the very land. Not a craft of any sort was in sight. Even the wreck had disappeared; though this was subsequently discovered in the surf, having drifted out with the current until it struck an eddy which carried it in again, when it was finally stranded. No vestige of Le Feu-Follet, however, was to be seen. Not even a tent on the shore, a wandering boat, a drifting spar, or a rag of a sail! All had disappeared, no doubt, in the conflagration. As Cuffe went below, he walked with a more erect mien than he had done since the affair of the previous morning; and as he opened his writing-desk, it was with the manner of one entirely satisfied with himself and his own exertions. Still, a generous regret mingled with his triumph. It was a great thing to have destroyed the most pernicious privateer that sailed out of France; and yet it was a melancholy fate to befall seventy or eighty human

beings—to perish like so many curling caterpillars, destroyed by fire. Nevertheless, the thing was done; and it must be reported to the authorities above him. The following letter was consequently written to the commanding officer in that sea, viz :—

"H. M. S. Proserpine, off the mouth of the Golo,
"Island of Corsica, July 23, 1799.

"My Lord—I have the satisfaction of reporting, for the information of my Lords' Commissioners of the Admiralty, the destruction of the Republican privateer, the Le Few-Folly, commanded by the notorious Raoul Yvard, on the night of the 22nd instant. The circumstances attending this important success are as follows:—Understanding that the celebrated picaroon had been on the Neapolitan and Roman coasts doing much mischief, I took His Majesty's ship close in, following up the peninsula, with the land in sight, until we got through the canal of Elba, early on the morning of the 21st. On opening Porto Ferrajo bay, we saw a lugger lying at anchor off the town, with English colours flying. As this was a friendly port, we could not suppose

the craft to be the Le Few-Folly; but, determined to make sure, we beat in, signalling the stranger, until he took advantage of our stretching well over to the eastward, to slip round the rocks, and get off to windward. We followed for a short distance, and then ran over under the lee of Capraya, where we remained until the morning of the 22nd, when we again went off the town. We found the lugger in the offing; and being now well satisfied of her character, and it falling calm, I sent the boats after her, under Messrs. Winchester and Griffin, the first and second of this ship. After a sharp skirmish, in which we sustained some loss, though that of the Republicans was evidently much greater, Monsieur Yvard succeeded in effecting his escape, in consequence of a breeze suddenly springing up. Sail was now made on the ship, and we chased the lugger into the mouth of the Golo. Having fortunately captured a felucca with a quantity of tar and other combustible materials on board, as we drew in with the land, I determined to make a fire-ship of her, and to destroy the enemy by that mode; he having anchored within the shoals, beyond the reach

of shot. Mr. Winchester, the first, having been wounded in the boat affair, I entrusted the execution of this duty to Mr. Griffin, who handsomely volunteered, and by whom it was effectually discharged about ten last evening in the coolest and most officer-like manner. I enclose this gentleman's report of the affair, and beg leave to recommend him to the favour of my Lords' Commissioners. With Mr. Winchester's good conduct, under a sharp fire, in the morning, the service has also every reason to be satisfied. I hope this valuable officer will soon be able to return to duty.

"Permit me to congratulate you, my lord, on the complete destruction of this most pernicious cruiser of the enemy: so effectual has it been that not a spar or a fragment of wreck remains. We have reason to think every soul on board perished; and though this fearful loss of human life is to be deeply deplored, it has been made in the service of good government and religion. The lugger was filled with loose women, our people hearing them singing their philosophical and irreligious songs as they approached with the fire-vessel. I shall search the coast for any rafts that may

be drifting about, and then proceed to Leghorn for fresh provisions.

"I have the honour to be, my lord,

"Your lordship's most obedient servant,

"RICHARD CUFFE."

"To Rear-Admiral the Right Hon. Lord Nelson,
Duke of Bronte, &c. &c. &c."

Cuffe read this report over twice; then he sent for Griffin, to whom he read it aloud, glancing his eye meaningly at his subordinate when he came to the part where he spoke of the young man's good conduct.

"So much for that d—d Jack o' Lantern, Griffin! I fancy it will lead no one else on a wild-goose chase."

"I trust not, sir. Will you allow me to suggest a slight alteration in the spelling of the lugger's name, Captain Cuffe? the clerk can make it when he writes out the letter fairly."

"Ay, I dare say it is different from what *we* would have it, French spelling being no great matter in general. Put it as you please —though Nelson has as great a contempt for their boasted philosophy and learning as I have myself. I fancy you will find all the

English spelt right — how do *you* write their confounded gibberish?"

"Feu-Follet, sir, pronouncing the last part of it fol*lay*, not fol*ly*. I was thinking of asking leave, Captain Cuffe, to take one of the cutters, and pull up to the lugger's anchorage, and see if anything can be found of her wreck. The ship will hardly get under-way until the westerly wind comes."

"No, — probably not. I will order my gig manned and we'll go together. Poor Winchester must keep house awhile, so there is no use in asking him. I saw no necessity for putting Nelson into a passion by saying anything about the exact amount of our loss in that boat scrape, Griffin."

"I agree with you, sir, that it is best as it is. 'Some loss' covers everything; it means 'more or less.'"

"That was just my notion. I dare say there may have been twenty women in the lugger?"

"I can't answer for the number, sir; but I heard female singing as we got near in the fire-ship, and think it likely there may have been that number. The lugger was full-

manned, for they were like bees swarming on her forecastle when we were dropping foul. I saw Raoul Yvard, by the light of the fire, as plainly as I now see you, and might have picked him off with a musket, but that would hardly have been honourable."

To this Cuffe assented, and then he led the way on deck, having previously ordered the boats to be manned. The two officers proceeded to the spot where they supposed the Feu-Follet had been anchored, and rowed round for nearly an hour, endeavouring to find some traces of her wreck on the bottom. Griffin suggested that when the magazine was drowned, in the hurry and confusion of the moment, the cock may have been left open — a circumstance that might very well have carried down the bottom of so small a vessel in two or three hours, more especially after her hull had burnt to the water's edge. The next thing was to find this bottom: by no means a hopeless task, as the waters of the Mediterranean are usually so clear that the eye can penetrate several fathoms, even off the mouth of the Golo, a stream which brought more or less *débris* from the mountains. It is scarcely necessary to

say that the search was not rewarded with success, the Feu-Follet being just at that time snug at anchor at Bastia, where her people had already taken out her wounded mainmast, with a view to step a new one in its place. At that very moment Carlo Giuntotardi, his niece, and Raoul Yvard, were walking up the principal street of the town, the place standing on a hill, like Porto Ferrajo, perfectly at their ease as regards fire-ships, English frigates, and the dangers of the seas. But all this was a profound mystery to Cuffe and his companions, who had long been in the habit of putting the most favourable constructions on the results of their professional undertakings, and, certainly, not altogether without reason, and who nothing doubted that Le Feu-Follet had, to use their own language, "laid her bones somewhere along-shore here."

After two or three hours passed in a fruitless search, Cuffe determined to return to his ship. He was a keen sportsman, and had brought a fowling-piece with him in his gig, with a half-formed design of landing and whiling away the time, until the westerly wind came, among some marshes which he saw near

the shore; but had been persuaded by Griffin not to venture.

"There must be woodcock in that wet ground, Griffin," said he, as he reluctantly yielded a little in his intention; "and Winchester would fancy a bird exceedingly in a day or two. I never was hit in my life that I did not feel a desire for game, after the fever was gone. Snipe, too, must live on the banks of that stream. Snipe are coming in season now, Griffin!"

"It's more likely, sir, that some of the privateer's-men have got ashore on planks, and empty casks, and are prowling about in the weeds watching our boats. Three or four of them would be too much for you, Captain Cuffe, as the scoundrels all carry knives as long as ships' cutlasses."

"I suppose your notion may be true; and I shall have to give it up. Pull back to the frigate, Davy, and we'll be off after some more of these French ragamuffins."

This settled the matter. In half-an-hour the boats were swinging at the Proserpine's quarters; and three hours later the ship was under her canvass, standing slowly off the land.

That day, however, the zephyr was exceedingly light, and the sun set just as the ship got the small island of Pianosa abeam; when the air came from the northward, and the ship's head was laid in to the eastward; the course lying between the land just mentioned and that of Elba. All night the Proserpine was slowly fanning her way along the south side of the latter island; when, getting the southerly air again in the morning, she re-appeared in the canal of Piombino as the day advanced, precisely as she had done before when first introduced to the acquaintance of the reader. Cuffe had given orders to be called, as usual, when the light was about to return; it being a practice with him, in that active and pregnant war, to be on deck at such moments, in order to ascertain with his own eyes what the fortunes of the night had brought within his reach.

"Well, Mr. Griffin," said he, as soon as he had received the salutation of the officer of the watch, "you have had a still night of it. Yonder is the Point of Piombino, I see; and here we have got Elba and this little rocky island again on our larboard hand.

One day is surprisingly like another, about these times, for us mariners, in particular."

"Do you really think so, Captain Cuffe?—Now, to my notion, this day hasn't had its equal on the Proserpine's log since we got hold of L'Epervier and her convoy. You forget, sir, that we destroyed Le Feu-Follet last night!"

"Ay—that is something—especially for *you*, Griffin. Well, Nelson will hear of it by mail, as soon as we can get into Leghorn; which will be immediately after I have had an opportunity of communicating with these people in Porto Ferrajo. After all that has passed, the least we can do is to let your veechy-govern-the-tories know of our success."

"Sail ho!" shouted the look-out on the foretopsail-yard.

The two officers turned, and gazed around them in every direction, when the captain made the customary demand of "Where-away?"

"Here, sir, close aboard of us, on our larboard hand, and on our weather quarter."

"On our weather quarter! D—n me if that *can* be true, Griffin. There is nothing but the island there. The fellow cannot have

mistaken this little island for the hull of a ship!"

"If he has, sir," answered Griffin, laughing, "it must be for a twenty-decker. That is Ben Brown aloft; and he is as good a look-out as we have in the ship."

"Do you see her, sir?" demanded Ben Brown, looking over his shoulder, to put the question.

"Not a bit of her," cried Cuffe. "You must be dreaming, fellow.—What does she look like!"

"There, this small island shuts her in from the deck, sir. She is a lugger; and looks as much like the one we burnt last night, sir, as one of our cat-heads is like t'other."

"A lugger!" exclaimed Cuffe. "What, another of the blackguards! By Jove! I 'll go aloft and take a look for myself. It 's ten to one that I see her from the maintop."

In three minutes more, Captain Cuffe was in the top in question; having passed through the lubber-hole, as every sensible man does, in a frigate, more especially when she stands up for want of wind. That was an age in which promotion was rapid; there being few

grey-bearded lieutenants then in the English marine; and even admirals were not wanting who had not cut all their wisdom-teeth. Cuffe, consequently, was still a young man; and it cost him no great effort to get up his ship's ratlins, in the manner named. Once in the top he had all his eyes about him. For full a minute he stood motionless, gazing in the direction which had been pointed out by Ben Brown. All this time Griffin stood on the quarter-deck, looking quite as intently at his superior as the latter gazed at the strange sail. Then Cuffe deigned to cast a glance literally beneath him, in order to appease the curiosity which, he well understood, it was so natural for the officer of the watch to feel. Griffin did not dare to ask his *captain* what he saw; but he looked a volume of questions on the interesting subject.

"A sister corsair, by Jupiter Ammon!" cried Cuffe; "a *twin* sister, too; for they *are* as much alike as one cat-head is like another. More, by Jove, if I am any judge."

"What will you have us do, Captain Cuffe?" inquired the lieutenant. "We are now going to leeward all the while. I don't

know, sir, that there is positively a current here, but—"

"Very well, sir—very well—haul up on the larboard tack as soon as possible, and get the larboard batteries clear. We may have to cripple the chap in order to get hold of him."

As this was said, Cuffe descended through the same lubber-hole and soon appeared on deck. The ship now became a scene of activity and bustle. All hands were called, and the guns were cleared away by some, while others braced the yards according to the new line of sailing.

The reader would be greatly aided in understanding what is to follow, could he perchance cast a look at a map of the coast of Italy. He will there see that the eastern side of the island of Elba, runs in a nearly north and south direction, Piombino lying off about north-north-east from its northern extremity. Near this northern extremity lies the little rocky islet, so often mentioned, or the spot which Napoleon fifteen years later selected as the advanced redoubt of his insular empire. Of course, the Proserpine was on one

side of this islet and the strange lugger on the other. The first had got so far through the canal as to be able to haul close upon the wind on the larboard tack, and yet to clear the islet; while the last was just far enough to windward, or sufficiently to the southward, to be shut out from view from the frigate's decks by the intervening rocks. As the distance from the islet to the island did not much exceed a hundred or two yards, Captain Cuffe hoped to enclose his chase between himself and the land, never dreaming that the stranger would think of standing through so narrow and rocky a pass. He did not know his man, however, who was Raoul Yvard; and who had come this way from Bastia, in the hope of escaping any further collision with his formidable foe. He had seen the frigate's lofty sails above the rock as soon as it was light; and, being under no hallucination on the subject of *her* existence, he knew her at a glance. His first order was to haul everything as flat as possible; and his great desire was to get from under the lee of the mountains of Elba into this very pass, through which the wind drew with more force than it blew anywhere near by.

As the Proserpine was quite a league off, in the canal, Le Feu-Follet, which sailed so much the fastest in light winds, had abundance of time to effect her object. Instead of avoiding the narrow pass between the two islands, Raoul glided boldly into it; and by keeping vigilant eyes on his fore-yard to apprize him of danger, he succeeded in making two stretches in the strait itself, coming out to the southward, on the starboard tack, handsomely clearing the end of the islet at the very instant the frigate appeared on the other side of the pass. The lugger had now an easy task of it; for she had only to watch her enemy, and tack in season to keep the islet between them; since the English did not dare to carry so large a ship through so narrow an opening. This advantage Raoul did not overlook; and Cuffe had gone about twice, closing each time nearer and nearer to the islet, before he was satisfied that his guns would be of no service, until he could, at least, weather the intervening object; after which they would most probably be useless in so light a wind, by the distance between them and their enemy.

"Never mind, Mr. Griffin; let this scamp

go," said the captain, when he made this material discovery; "it is pretty well to have cleared the seas of one of them. Besides, we do not know that this *is* an enemy at all. He showed no colours, and seems to have just come out of Porto Ferrajo, a friendly haven."

"Raoul Yvard did *that*, sir, not once, but twice," muttered Yelverton, who, from the circumstance that he had not been employed in the different attempts on Le Feu-Follet, was one of the very few dissentients in the ship touching her fate. "These twins *are* exceedingly alike; especially *Pomp*, as the American negro said of his twin children."

This remark passed unheeded; for so deep was the delusion in the ship touching the destruction of the privateer, that it would have been as hopeless an attempt to try to persuade her officers and people generally that Le Feu-Follet was not burned, as it would be to induce a "great nation" to believe it had any of the weaknesses and foibles that confessedly beset smaller communities. The Proserpine was put about again; and, setting her ensign, she stood into the bay of Porto Ferrajo, anchoring quite near the place that Raoul had

selected for the same purpose on two previous occasions. The gig was lowered, and Cuffe, accompanied by Griffin as an interpreter, landed, to pay the usual visit of ceremony to the authorities.

The wind being so light, several hours were necessary to effect all these changes; and, by the time the two officers were ascending the terraced street, the day had advanced sufficiently to render the visit suitable as to time. Cuffe appearing in full uniform, with epaulettes and sword, his approach attracted notice; and Vito Viti had hurried off to apprise his friend of the honour he was about to receive. The vice-governor was not taken by surprise, therefore, but had some little time to prepare his excuses for being the dupe of a fraud as impudent as that which Raoul Yvard had so successfully practised on him. The reception was dignified, though courteous; and it had none the less of ceremony from the circumstance that all which was said by the respective colloquists had to be translated before it could be understood. This circumstance rendered the few first minutes of the interview a little constrained; but each party having something

on his mind of which it was his desire to be relieved, natural feeling soon got the better of forms.

"I ought to explain to you, Sir Cuffe, the manner in which a recent event occurred in our bay, here," observed the vice-governor; "since, without such explanation, you might be apt to consider us neglectful of our duties, and unworthy of the trust which the Grand Duke reposes in us. I allude, as you will at once understand, to the circumstance that Le Feu-Follet has twice been lying peaceably under the guns of our batteries, while her commander and, indeed, some of her crew have been hospitably entertained on shore."

"Such things must occur in times like these, Mr. Veechy-governatory; and we seamen set them down to the luck of war," Cuffe answered graciously, being much too magnanimous under his own success to think of judging others too harshly "It might not be so easy to deceive a man-of-war's-man, like myself; but, I dare say, Veechy-Governatory, had it been anything relating to the administration of your little island, here, even Monsieur Yvard would have found you too much for him?"

The reader will perceive that Cuffe had got a new way of pronouncing the appellation of the Elban functionary; a circumstance which was owing to the desire we all have, when addressing foreigners, to speak in their language, rather than in our own. The worthy captain had no more precise ideas of what a *vice*-governor means than the American people just now seem to possess of the signification of *vice*-president; but, as he had discovered that the word was pronounced "veechy" in Italian, he was quite willing to give it its true sound; albeit, a smile struggled round the mouth of Griffin, while he listened.

"You do me no more than justice, Signor Kooffe, or Sir Kooffe, as, I presume, I ought to address you," answered the functionary; "for, in matters touching our duties on shore here, we are by no means so ignorant as on matters touching your honourable calling. This Raoul Yvard presented himself to me in the character of a British officer, one I esteem and respect; having audaciously assumed the name of a family of high condition and of great power, I believe, among your people—"

"Ah—the *barone!*" exclaimed Cuffe; who,

having discovered by his intercourse with the southern Italians that this word meant "a rascal" as well as "a baron," was fond of using it on suitable occasions. "Pray, Veechy-Governatory, what name did he assume?—Ca'endish, or Howard, or Seymour, or some of those great nobs, Griffin, I'll engage! I wonder that he spared Nelson!"

"No, Signore, he took the family appellation of another illustrious race. The republican corsair presented himself before me as a Sir Smees — the son of a certain Milordo Smees."

"Smees — Smees — Smees! — I've no recollection of any such name in the peerage. It can't be Seymour that the Veechy means! —*That* is a great name, certainly; and some of them have been in the service; it is possible this barone may have had the impudence to hail for a Seymour!"

"I rather think not, Captain Cuffe. 'Smees' is very much as an Italian would pronounce 'Smith,' as, you know, the French call it 'Smeet.' It will turn out that this Mr. Raoul has seized upon the first English name he fell in with, as a man overboard clutches at a spar

adrift, or a life-buoy; and that happened to be 'Smith.'"

"Who the devil ever heard of my lord Smith! A pretty sort of aristocracy we should have, Griffin, if it were made up of such fellows!"

"Why, sir, the *name* can make no great difference; the deeds and the antiquity forming the essentials."

"And he assumed a title, too—*Sir* Smees! I dare say he was ready to swear His Majesty made him a Knight Banneret, under the royal ensign, and on the deck of his own ship, as was done with some of the old admirals. The veechy, however, has forgotten a part of the story as it must have been Sir *John*, or Sir *Thomas* Smees, at least."

"No, sir; that is the way with the French and the Italians, who do not understand our manner of using Christian names with titles; as in our Sir Edwards, and Lord Harrys, and Lady Bettys."

"Blast the French! I can believe anything of *them;* though I should have thought that these *Italians* knew better. However, it may be well to give the veechy a hint of what we

have been saying, or it may seem rude — and, hearkee, Griffin, while you *are* about it, rub him down a little touching books and that sort of thing; for the surgeon tells me he has heard of him, in Leghorn, as a regular leaf-cutter."

The lieutenant did as ordered, throwing in an allusion to Andrea's reputation for learning, which, under the circumstances, was not ill-timed; and which, as it was well-enough expressed, was exceedingly grateful to his listener just at that awkward moment.

"My claims to literature are but small, Signore," answered Andrea, with humility, "as I beg you will inform Sir Kooffe; but they were sufficient to detect certain assumptions of this corsair; a circumstance that came very near bringing about an exposure at a most critical moment. He had the audacity, Signore, to wish to persuade *me* that there was a certain English orator of the same name and of equal merit of him of Roma and Pompeii — one Sir Cicero!"

"The barone!" again exclaimed Cuffe, when this new offence of Raoul's was explained to him. "I believe the rascal was up to any-

thing. But there is an end of him now, with all his Sir Smees and Sir Ciceroes into the bargain. Just let the veechy into the secret of the fellow's fate, Griffin."

Griffin then related to the Vice-governor the manner in which it was supposed that Le Feu-Follet, Raoul Yvard, and all his associates had been consumed, like caterpillars on a tree. Andrea Barrofaldi listened with a proper degree of horror expressed in his countenance; but Vito Viti heard the tale with signs of incredulity which he did not care to conceal. Nevertheless, Griffin persevered until he had even given an account of the manner in which he and Cuffe examined the lugger's anchorage in the bootless attempt to discover the wreck.

To all this the two functionaries listened with profound attention. After looking at each other several times and exchanging significant gestures, Andrea assumed the office of explaining.

"There is some extraordinary mistake in this, Signor Tenente," said he; "for Raoul Yvard still lives. He passed this promontory just as day dawned, in his lugger, this very morning!"

"Ay, he has got that notion from having seen the fellow we fell in with off the harbour here," answered Cuffe when this speech was translated to him; "and I don't wonder at it, for the two vessels were surprisingly alike. But the barone we saw burned with our own eyes, Griffin, can never float again. I say barone; for in my opinion the Few-Folly was just as much of a rascal as her commander and all who sailed in her."

Griffin explained this, but it met with no favour from the two Italians.

"Not so, Signor Tenente—not so," returned the vice-governor; "the lugger that passed this morning we *know* to be Le Feu-Follet, inasmuch as she took one of our own feluccas, in the course of the night, coming from Livorno, and Raoul Yvard permitted her to come in, as he said to her padrone, on account of the civil treatment he had received while lying in our port. Nay, he even carried his presumption so far as to send me, by means of the same man, the compliments of 'Sir Smees,' and his hopes of being able some day to make his acknowledgments in person."

The English captain received this intelligence as might be expected; and unpleasant as

it was, after putting various questions to the vice-governor and receiving the answers, he was obliged unwillingly enough to believe it all. He had brought his official report in his pocket, and, as the conversation proceeded, he covertly tore it into fragments so small, that even a Mahommedan would reject them as not large enough to write the word "Allah" on.

"It 's d——h lucky, Griffin, that letter didn't get to Leghorn this morning," said he, after a long pause. "Nelson would have Bronté'd me famously had he got it! Yet I never believed half so devoutly in the twenty-nine articles as—"

"I believe there are *thirty*-nine of them, Captain Cuffe," modestly put in Griffin.

"Well, *thirty*-nine, if you will—what signifies ten more or less in such matters? A man is ordered to believe them *all*, if there were a hundred. But I never believed in *them* so devoutly as I believed in the destruction of that infernal picaroon. My faith is unsettled for life!"

Griffin offered a few words of condolence, but he was also too much mortified to be very able to administer consolation. Andrea Barro-

faldi, understanding the state of the case, now interposed with his courtesies, and the two officers were invited to share his bachelor's breakfast. What followed in consequence of this visit, and the communications to which it gave rise, will appear in the course of the narrative.

CHAPTER IV.

If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

SHAKSPEARE.

IT is now necessary to advance the time, and to transfer the scene of our tale to another, but not a distant, part of the same sea. Let the reader fancy himself standing at the mouth of a large bay, of some sixteen or eighteen miles in diameter in nearly every direction; though the shores must be indented with advancing promontories and receding curvatures, while the depth of the whole might possibly a little exceed the greatest width. He will then occupy the spot at which we wish to present to him one of the fairest panoramas of earth. On

his right stands a high, rocky island, of dark tufa, rendered gay, amid all its magnificent formations, by smiling vineyards and teeming villages, and interesting by ruins which commemorate events as remote as the Cæsars. A narrow passage of the blue Mediterranean separates this island from a bold cape on the main, whence follows a succession of picturesque, village-clad heights and valleys, relieved by scenery equally bold and soft, and adorned by the monkish habitations called, in the language of the country, Camaldolis, until we reach a small city which stands on a plain which rises above the water between one and two hundred feet, on a base of tufa, and the houses of which extend to the very verge of the dizzy cliffs which limit its extent on the north. The plain itself is like a hive, with its dwellings and scenes of life, while the heights behind it teem with cottages and the signs of human labour. Quitting this smiling part of the coast, we reach a point, always following the circuit of the bay, where the hills or heights tower into ragged mountains which stretch their pointed peaks upwards to some six or seven thousand feet towards the clouds, having sides now wild

with precipices and ravines, now picturesque with shooting-towers, hamlets, monasteries and bridle-paths; and bases dotted, or rather lined, with towns and villages. Here the mountain-formation quits the margin of the bay, following the coast southward, or running into the interior of the country; and the shore, sweeping round to the north and west, offers a glimpse into a back-ground of broad plain, ere it meets a high, insulated, conical mountain, which properly forms the head of the coast indentation. The human eye never beheld a more affluent scene of houses, cities, villages, vineyards, and country residences, than was presented by the broad breast of this isolated mountain; passing which, a wider view is obtained of the rich plain that seems to lie behind it, bounded as it is by a wall of a distant and mysterious-looking, yet bold, range of the Apennines. Returning to the shore, which now begins to incline more westwardly, we come to another swell of tufa, which has all the characteristic fertility and abruptness of that peculiar formation, a vast and populous town of nearly half a million of souls being seated, in nearly equal parts, on the limits of the plain

and along the margin of the water, or on the hill-sides, climbing to their summits. From this point, the northern side of the bay is a confused mass of villages, villas, ruins, palaces and vines, until we reach its extremity—a low promontory, like its opposite neighbour. A small island comes next, a sort of natural sentinel; then the coast sweeps northward into another and a smaller bay, rich to satiety with relics of the past, terminating at a point some miles farther seaward, with a high, reddish, sandy bluff which almost claims to be a mountain. After this we see two more islands lying westward; one of which is flat, fertile, and more populous, as is said, than any other part of Europe of the same extent; while the other is a glorious combination of pointed mountains, thronged towns, fertile valleys, castles, country-houses, and the wrecks of long-dormant volcanoes, thrown together in a grand yet winning confusion. If the reader will add to this description a shore which has scarce a foot that is not interesting on account of some lore of the past, extending from yesterday into the darkest recesses of history, give life to the water-view with a fleet of little latine-rigged

craft, rendered more picturesque by an occasional ship, dot the bay with countless boats of fishermen, and send up a wreath of smoke from the summit of the cone-like mountain that forms the head of the bay, he will get an outline of all that strikes the eye as the stranger approaches Naples from the sea.

The zephyr was again blowing, and the daily fleet of sparanaras, or undecked feluccas, which passes every morning, at this season, from the south shore to the capital, and returns at this hour, was stretching out from under Vesuvius; some looking up as high as Massa; others heading towards Sorrento, or Vico, or Persano, and many keeping more before the wind towards Castel a Mare, or the landings in that neighbourhood. The breeze was becoming so fresh that the fishermen were beginning to pull in towards the land, breaking up their lines which, in some places, had extended nearly a league, and this, too, with the boats lying within speaking distance of each other. The head of the bay, indeed, was alive with craft, moving in different directions, while a large fleet of English, Russians, Neapolitans, and Turks, composed of two-deckers,

frigates and sloops, lay at their anchors, in front of the town. On board of one of the largest of the former was flying the flag of a rear-admiral at the mizzen, the symbol of the commander's rank. A corvette alone was under-way. She had left the anchorage an hour before, and, with studding-sails on her starboard side, was stretching diagonally across the glorious bay, apparently heading towards the passage between Capri and the Point of Campanella, bound to Sicily. This ship might easily have weathered the island; but her commander, an easy sort of person, chose to make a fair wind of it from the start, and he thought, by hugging the coast, he might possibly benefit by the land-breeze during the night, trusting to the zephyr then blowing to carry him across the Gulf of Salerno. A frigate, too, shot out of the fleet, under her staysails, as soon as the westerly wind made; but she had dropped an anchor under-foot, and seemed to wait some preparation, or orders, before taking her departure; her captain being at that moment on board the flag-ship, on duty with the rear-admiral. This was the Proserpine, thirty-six, Captain Cuffe, a vessel and an officer that

are already both acquaintances of the reader. About an hour before the present scene opens, Captain Cuffe in fact had been called on board the Foudroyant by signal, where he had found a small, sallow-looking, slightly-built man, with his right arm wanting, pacing the deck of the fore-cabin, impatient for his appearance.

"Well, Cuffe," said this uninviting-looking personage, twitching the stump of the maimed arm, "I see you are out of the flock; are you all ready for sailing?"

"We have one boat ashore, after letters, my lord; as soon as she comes off we shall lift our anchor, which is only under-foot."

"Very well: I have sent the Ringdove to the southward on the same errand, and I see she is half-a-league from the anchorage on her way already. This Mr. Griffin appears to be a fine young man—I like his account of the way he handled his fire-ship; though the French scoundrel did contrive to escape! After all, this Rowl E—E— how do you pronounce the fellow's name, Cuffe?—I never can make anything out of their gibberish."

"Why, to own the truth, Sir Horatio—

I beg pardon — my lord—there is something in the English grain of my feelings which would prevent my ever learning French had I been born and brought up in Paris. There is too much Saxon in me to swallow words which half the time have no meaning."

"I like you all the better for that, Cuffe," answered the admiral, smiling, a change that converted a countenance almost ugly when in a state of rest, into one which was almost handsome—a peculiarity by no means of rare occurrence when a strong will gives the expression to the features, and the heart at bottom is really sound. "An Englishman has no business with any Gallic tendencies. This young Mr. Griffin seems to have spirit; and I look upon it always as a good sign, when a young man *volunteers* for a desperate thing of this sort — but, he tells me, that he is only second; where was your first all the while?"

"Why, my lord, he got a little hurt in the brush of the morning; and I would not let him go, as a matter of course. His name is Winchester; I think you must remember him, as junior of the Captain, at the affair

76448

of St. Vincent. Miller* had a good opinion of him; and, when I went from the Arrow to the Proserpine, he got him sent as my second. The death of poor Drury made him first, in the natural way."

"I have some recollection of him, Cuffe. That was a brilliant day, and all its events should be impressed on my mind. You tell me that Mr. Griffin fairly grappled the lugger's cable?"

"Of that there can be no manner of doubt. I saw the two vessels foul of each other with my night-glass — and seemingly both were on fire — as plainly as I ever saw Vesuvius in a dark night."

"And yet this Few-Folly has escaped! — Poor Griffin has run a desperate risk for little purpose."

"He has, indeed, my lord."

* Ralph Willet Miller, the officer who commanded the ship to which Nelson shifted his pennant at the battle of Cape St. Vincent. This gentleman was an American, and a native Manhattanese; his near relatives, of the same name, still residing in New York. It is believed that he got the name of *Willet* from the first English mayor; a gentleman from whom are descended many of the old families of the lower part of the state; more particularly those on Long-Island.

Here Nelson, who had been pacing the cabin with quick steps, while Cuffe stood, respectfully declining the gesture to be seated at the table in its centre, suddenly stopped, and looked the captain steadily in the face. The expression of his countenance was now mild and earnest, and the pause which preceded his words gave the latter solemnity and weight.

"'The day will come, Cuffe," said he, "when this young man will rejoice that his design on these picaroons, Frenchmen as they are, failed. Yes, from the bottom of his heart will he be glad."

"My lord!"

"I know you think this strange, Captain Cuffe; but no man sleeps the sounder for having burnt or blown up a hundred of his fellow-creatures, like so many widows at a suttee. —But we are not the less to commend those who did what was certainly their duty."

"Am I to understand, Lord Nelson, that the Proserpine is *not* to destroy the Few-Folly at every hazard, should we again have the luck to fall in with her?"

"By no means, sir. Our orders are to

burn, sink, and destroy. Such is England's policy in this desperate war, and it must be carried out. You know what we are contending for as well as I do; and it is a struggle not to be carried on with courtesies; still, one would not wish to see a glorious and sacred cause tarnished by inhumanity. Men who fall in fair, manly combat, are to be envied rather than pitied, since it is only paying the great debt of nature a little sooner than might otherwise have happened; but there is something revolting to humanity in burning up our fellow-creatures as one would burn rags after the plague. Nevertheless, this lugger must be had at any price; for English commerce and English power are not to be cut up and braved in this audacious manner with impunity. The career of these French tigers must be stopped at every sacrifice, Captain Cuffe."

"I know that, my lord; and I like a republican as little as you can do, or his Majesty himself, for that matter; and, I take it, *he* has as little relish for the animal as flesh and blood can give."

"I know you do, Cuffe—I 'm *sure* you do;

and I esteem you all the more for it. It is a part of an Englishman's religion in times like these to hate a Frenchman. I went across the Channel after the peace of '83, to learn their language; but had so little sympathy with them, even in peaceable times, as never to be able to write a letter in it, or even to ask intelligibly for the necessaries of life."

"If you can ask for anything it far surpasses my efforts; I never can tell head from stern in their dialect."

"It is an infernal jargon, Cuffe, and has become so confused by their academies, and false philosophy, and infidelity, that they will shortly be at a loss to understand it themselves. What sort of names they give their ships, for instance, now they have beheaded their king and denounced their God!—Who ever heard of christening a craft, as you tell me this lugger is named, the 'Few-Folly?' —I believe I've got the picaroon's title right?"

"Quite right — Griffin *pronounces* it so, though he has got to be a little queerish in his own English, by using so much French

and Italian. The young man's father was a consul; and he has half-a-dozen foreign lingoes stowed away in his brain. He pronounces Folly something broadish—like Fol*lay*, I believe—but it means all the same thing. Folly is folly pronounce it as you will."

Nelson continued to pace his cabin, working the stump of his arm, and smiling half-bitterly, half in a sort of irony which inclined him to be in a good-humour with himself.

"Do you remember the ship, Cuffe, we had that sharp brush with off Toulon, in old Agamemnon?" said he, after making a turn or two in silence. "I mean the dismasted eighty-four, which was in tow of the frigate, and which we peppered until their Gallic soup had some taste to it! Now do you happen to know *her* real name in good honest English?"

"I do not, my lord. I remember they said she was called the Ça Ira, and I always supposed that it was the name of some old Greek or Roman—or, perhaps, of one of their new-fangled republican saints."

"They!—D—n 'em, they've *got* no saints to name, my good fellow, since they cashiered all the old ones! There *is* something respect-

able in the names of a *Spanish* fleet, and one feels that he is flogging gentlemen at least, while he is at work on them. No, sir, Ça Ira means neither more nor less than 'That 'll Do;' and I fancy, Cuffe, they thought of their own name more than once, while the old Greek was hanging on their quarter, smashing their cabin-windows for them! A pretty sound it would have been, had we got her and put her into our own service—His Majesty's Ship 'That 'll Do,' 84, Captain Cuffe!"

"I certainly should have petitioned my Lords' Commissioners to change her name."

"You would have done quite right. A man might as well sail in a man-of-war called the 'Enough!' Then there was the three-decker that helped her out of the scrape, the Sans-culottes, as the French call her; I suppose you know what *that* means?"

"Not I, my lord; to own the truth, I'm no scholar, and am entirely without ambition in that way. 'Sans' I suppose is the French for 'saint;' but who 'Culottes' was I've not the least notion."

Nelson smiled, and the turn the conversation had taken appeared to give him secret satis-

faction. If the truth were known, something lay heavily on his mind; and with one of his strong impulses, his feelings disposed him to rush from one extreme to the other, as is often the case with men who are controlled by such masters; more especially if their general disposition is to the right.

"You 're wrong this time, my dear Cuffe," said he; "for 'sans' means 'without' in French, and 'culottes' means 'breeches.' Think of naming a three-decker the 'Without Breeches!' I do not see how any respectable flag-officer can mention such names in his despatches without a feeling of awkwardness which must come near to capsizing all his philosophy. The line was formed by the Republic's ship, the 'That 'll Do' leading, supported by the 'Without Breeches' as her second astern!—Ha! Cuffe—D——e, sir, if I'd serve in a marine which had such names to the ships! It's a thousand times worse than all those saints the Spaniards tack on to their vessels, like a line of boats towing a ship up to her moorings!"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a midshipman, who came

down to say that a man and a woman from the shore wished to see the rear-admiral on pressing business.

"Let them come down, sir," answered Nelson. "I've a hard life of it, Cuffe; there is not a washer-woman or a shop-keeper in Naples who does not treat me exactly as if I were a podestà, and it were my duty to hear all the contentions about lost clothes and mislaid goods. His Majesty must appoint a Lord Chief Justice of the Steerage to administer the law, for the benefit of the young gentlemen, or he'll soon get no officer to serve with a flag at his mast-head."

"Surely, my lord, the captains can take this weight off your shoulders!"

"Ay, there are men in the fleet that *can*, and there are men who *do;* but there are men who do *not*. But here comes the plaintiff, I suppose; you shall hear the case, and act as a puisne judge in the matter."

This was said as the cabin-door opened, and the expected guests entered. They were a man turned of fifty, and a girl of nineteen. The former was a person of plain exterior, abstracted air, and downcast look; but the

latter had all the expression, beauty, nature, and grace of mien, which so singularly marked the deportment and countenance of Ghita Caraccioli. In a word, the two visitors were Carlo Giuntotardi and his gentle niece. Nelson was struck with the modesty of mien and loveliness of the latter, and he courteously invited her to be seated, though he and Cuffe both continued standing. A few efforts at making himself understood, however, soon satisfied this renowned admiral that he had need of an interpreter, his guests speaking no English, and his own Italian being too imperfect to carry on anything like a connected conversation. He hesitated an instant, and then went to the door of the inner cabin, an apartment in which voices had occasionally been heard the whole time, one of the speakers being evidently a female. Here he stood, leaning against the bulkhead, as if in doubt; and then he uttered his wishes.

"I must ask a service of you, which I would not think of doing in any ordinary case," said he, with a gentleness of voice and manner which showed that he addressed one who had habitual influence over him. "I want an inter-

preter between myself and the second handsomest woman in the kingdom of Naples; and I know no one so fit for the office as the first."

"With all my heart, dear Nelson," answered a full, rich, female voice from within. "Sir William is busied with his antiquities; and I was really becoming *ennuié'd* for want of an occupation. I suppose you have the wrongs of some injured lady to redress, in your capacity of Lord High Chancellor of the fleet."

"I am yet ignorant of the nature of the complaint; but it is not unlikely it will turn out to be something like that which you suspect. Even in such a case, no better intercessor can be required than one who is so much superior to the frailties and weaknesses of her sex in general."

The lady who now made her appearance from the inner cabin, though strikingly handsome, had not that in her appearance which would justify the implied eulogium of the British admiral's last speech. There was an appearance of art and worldliness in the expression of her countenance, only so much the more striking when placed in obvious

contrast to the ingenuous nature and calm purity which shone in every lineament of the face of Ghita. One might very well have passed for an image of the goddess Circe; while the other would have made no bad model for a vestal, could the latter have borne the moral impression of the sublime and heart-searching truths which are inculcated by the real oracles of God. Then the lady was a woman in the meridian of her charms, aided by all the cunning of the toilet, and a taste that was piquant and peculiar, if not pure; while the other stood in her simple, dark, Neapolitan boddice, and a head with no other ornament than its own silken tresses; a style of dress, however, which set off her faultless form and winning countenance more than could have been done by any of the devices of the mantua-maker or the milliner. The lady betrayed a little surprise and perhaps a shade of uneasiness, as her glance first fell on Ghita; but much too good an actress to be disconcerted easily, she smiled, and immediately recovered her ease.

"Is *this* the being, Nelson, who comes with *such* a petition?" she demanded, with a touch of natural, womanly sensibility in her

voice; "and that poor old man, I dare say, is the heart-stricken father."

"As to the errand, you will remember, I know nothing, as yet; and pledge myself to nothing."

"Captain Cuffe, I hope I have the pleasure to see you well. — Sir William joins the admiral in hoping you will make one of our little family party to-day at dinner, and —"

"And what says the mistress — not of the house, but of the *ship?*" put in Nelson, whose eyes had scarcely turned an instant from the face of the siren, since she entered the fore-cabin.

"That she — always disclaiming the title, honourable though it be — that she unites with all the rest in inviting Captain Cuffe to honour us with his company. Nelson tells me you were one of his old Agamemnons, as he calls you all, aged and young, men and boys, little and big; and I love even the sound of the name. What a glorious title for a ship — Agamemnon! — A Greek, led on by a true English heart!"

"Ay, it *is* somewhat better than 'That 'll Do,' and the other affair, ha! Cuffe!" return-

ed the admiral, smiling, and glancing at his subordinate — "But all this time we are ignorant of the errand of this honest-looking Italian, and his exceedingly innocent-looking companion."

"Well, then, in this matter, gentlemen, I am only to be regarded as a mere mouthpiece," put in the lady; — "an echo to repeat what reaches my ear, though it be an Irish echo, which repeats in a different tongue from that in which the sounds first reach it. Put your questions, my lord; they shall be faithfully rendered, with all the answers that may be given. I only hope Captain Cuffe will come out of this affair as innocent as he now looks."

The two gentlemen smiled; but the trifling could not disturb its subject, as he was profoundly ignorant of the existence of the two strangers five minutes before; while the boldness of the allusions rather suited the freedom of a ship, and the habits of the part of the world in which they happened to be.

"We will first inquire the name of this worthy man, if you will condescend to ask it," observed Nelson to his fair friend.

"Carlo Giuntotardi, noble lady, once a poor

scholar in Napoli here, and now a keeper of the prince's watch-towers on the heights of Argentaro," was the quiet but respectful answer of the man, who, like his niece, had declined taking a seat,—a circumstance which left the whole party standing, — "Carlo Giuntotardi, illustrious lady."

"A very good name, Signore; and one of which you have no need to be ashamed. —And thine?" turning to the girl.

"Ghita Caraccioli, eccellenza, — the sister's daughter of this honest tower-keeper of the prince."

Had a bomb exploded over the Foudroyant Nelson, certainly, would not have been so much startled; while the lady's beautiful face assumed a look of dark resentment, not unmingled with fear. Even Cuffe understood enough of the sounds to catch the name, and he advanced a step, with lively curiosity and an anxious concern expressed on his ruddy face. But these emotions soon subsided: the lady first regaining her self-possession, though Nelson paced the cabin five or six times, working the stump of his arm, before he even looked up again.

"I was about to ask if there *never* is to be an end of these annoyances," observed the lady, in English; "but there must be some mistake in this. The house of Caractioli is one of the most illustrious of Italy, and can scarcely have any of this class who feel an interest in him of whom we are thinking. I will, therefore, inquire further into this matter. Signorina," changing the language to Italian, and speaking with severity, like one who questioned what she heard, "Caraccioli is a noble name, and is not often borne by the daughter of any prince's tower-keeper."

Ghita trembled and looked abashed; but she was sustained by too high a principle, and was too innocent herself, to stand long rebuked in the presence of guilt; and, as the flush, which resembled that which so often passes over her native skies at even, left her countenance, she raised her eyes to the dark-looking face of the lady, and gave her answer.

"I know what your eccellenza means," she said, "and feel its justice: still, it is cruel to the child not to bear the name of her parent. My father was called Caraccioli, and he left me his name as my sole inheritance. What

may have been *his* right to it let my uncle say."

"Speak, then, Signor Giuntotardi: first, give us the history of this *name*, — then tell us what has brought you here."

"Noble lady, my sister, as pious and innocent a woman as ever lived in Italy, and now blest in heaven! married Don Francesco Caraccioli, the son of Don Francesco, of that illustrious family, who now stands condemned to death for having led the fleet against the king, — and Ghita, here, is the only fruit of the union. It is true that the Church did not authorise the connection which brought my niece's father into being; but the noble admiral never hesitated to acknowledge his son, and he gave him his name, until love bound him in wedlock with a poor scholar's sister. Then, indeed, his father turned his face from him; and death soon removed both husband and wife from the reach of all earthly displeasure. This is our simple story, noble and illustrious Signora, and the reason why my poor niece, here, bears a name as great as that of Caraccioli."

"You mean us to understand, Signor Giun-

totardi, that your niece is the grand-daughter of Don Francesco Caraccioli through a natural son of that unfortunate admiral?"

"Such is the fact, Signora. As *my* sister was honestly married, I could do no less than bring up her daughter to bear a name which her father was permitted to bear before her."

"Such things are common, and require no apology. One question more, before I explain to the English admiral what you have said.—Does Prince Caraccioli know of the existence of this grand-daughter?"

"Eccellenza, I fear not. Her parents died so soon—I loved the child so well—and there was so little hope that one so illustrious as he would wish to acknowledge a connection through the holy Church with persons humble as we, that I have never done more to make my niece known than to let her bear the same name as her father."

The lady seemed relieved by this; and she now briefly explained to Nelson the substance of what the other had said.

"It may be," she added, "they are here on that errand concerning which we have already heard so much, and so uselessly; but I rather

think not, from this account; for what interest *can* they feel in one who is absolutely a stranger to them. It may be some idle conceit, however, connected with this same affair. What is your wish, Ghita? — This is Don Horatio Nelsoni, the illustrious English admiral, of whom you have heard so much."

"Eccellenza, I am sure of it," answered Ghita, earnestly; "my good uncle here has told you who we are, and you may well guess our business. We came from St. Agata, on the other side of the bay, only this morning, and heard from a relation in the town that Don Francesco had been seized that very hour. Since that, we are told, he has been condemned to die for treason against the king, and that by officers who met in this very ship. Some even say, signora, that he is to meet his fate before the sun set!"

"If this should be so, what reason is it that thou shouldst give thyself concern?"

"Eccellenza, he was my father's father; and though I never saw him, I know that the same blood runs in our veins. When this is so, there should be the same feelings in our hearts."

"This is well, Ghita, in appearance at least; but thou canst hardly feel much for one thou never saw'st, and who has even refused to own thee for a child. Thou art young, too, and of a sex which should ever be cautious; it is unwise for men even to meddle with politics in these troubled times."

"Signora, it is not politics which brings me here, but nature and duty, and pious love for my father's father."

"What wouldst thou say, then?" answered the lady, impatiently; "remember, thou occupiest one whose time is precious, and of high importance to entire nations."

"Eccellenza, I believe it, and will try to be brief. I wish to beg my grandfather's life of this illustrious stranger. They tell me that the king will refuse him nothing; and he has only to ask it of Don Ferdinando to obtain it."

Many would have thought the matured charms of the lady superior to the innocent-looking beauty of the girl; but no one could have come to such an opinion who saw them both at that moment. While Ghita's face was radiant with a holy hope, and the pious earnestness which urged her on, a dark expression

lowered about the countenance of the English beauty, which took from it one of its greatest attractions, by depriving it of the softness and gentleness of her sex. Had there not been observers of what passed, it is probable the girl would have been abruptly repulsed; but management formed no small part of the character of this woman; and she controlled her feelings in order to effect her purposes.

"This admiral is not a Neapolitan, but an Englishman," she answered; "and can have no concern with the justice of your king. He would scarcely think it decent to interfere with the execution of the laws of Naples."

"Signora, it is always decent to interfere to save life; nay, it is more—it is merciful in the eyes of God."

"What canst thou know of this! A conceit that thou hast the blood of the Caraccioli has made thee forget thy sex and condition, and placed a romantic notion of duty before thine eyes."

"No, signora, it is not so. For eighteen years have I been taught that the unfortunate admiral was my grandfather; but as it has been his pleasure to wish not to see me, never

have I felt the desire to intrude on his time. Before this morning, never has the thought that I have the blood of the Caraccioli crossed my mind; unless it was to mourn for the sin of my grandmother; and even now it has come to cause me to mourn for the cruel fate that threatens the days of her partner in guilt."

"Thou art bold, to speak thus of thy parents, girl; and they, too, of the noble and great!"

This was said with a flushed brow, and still more lowering look; for, haply, there were incidents in the past life of that lady which made the simple language of a severe morality alike offensive to her ears and her recollections.

"It is not I, eccellenza, but God, who speaketh thus. The crime, too, is another reason why this great admiral should use his influence to save a sinner from so hurried an end. Death is terrible to all, except to those who trust with heart and soul to the mediation of the Son of God; but it is doubly so when it comes suddenly and unlooked-for. It is true, Don Francesco is aged; but have you not remarked, signora, that it is these very

aged who become hardened to their state, and live on as if never to die? I mean those aged who suffer youth to pass as if the pleasures of life were never to have an end."

"Thou art too young to set up for a reformer of the world, girl; and forgettest that this is the ship of one of the greatest officers of Europe, and that he has many demands on his time. Thou canst now go; I will repeat what thou hast said."

"I have another request to ask, eccellenza—permission to see Don Francesco; that I may, at least, receive his blessing."

"He is not in this ship. Thou wilt find him on board the Minerva frigate; no doubt, he will not be denied. Stop, these few lines will aid thy request. Addio, signorina."

"And may I carry hope with me, eccellenza? Think how sweet life is to those who have passed their days so long in affluence and honour. It would be like a messenger from heaven for a grandchild to bring but a ray of hope."

"I authorise none. The matter is in the hands of the Neapolitan authorities; and we English cannot meddle. Go, now, both of you;

the illustrious admiral has business of importance which presses."

Ghita turned, and slowly and sorrowfully she left the cabin. At its very door she met the English lieutenant who was in charge of the unhappy prisoner coming with a last request that he might not be suspended like a thief; but might at least die the death of a soldier. It would exceed the limits set to our tale, were we to dwell on the conversation which ensued; but every intelligent reader knows, that the application failed.

CHAPTER V.

Like other tyrants, Death delights to smite
What smitten most proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod.

YOUNG.

IT is probable that Nelson never knew precisely what passed between Ghita and the lady mentioned in the last chapter. At all events, like every other application which was made to the English admiral, in connection with this sad affair, that of Ghita produced no results. Even the mode of execution was unchanged; an indecent haste accompanying the whole transaction, as in the equally celebrated trial and death of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien. Cuffe remained to dine with the commander-in-chief, while Carlo Giuntotardi and his niece got into their boat, and took their way through the crowded roadstead, towards the Neapolitan frigate, which now formed the prison of the unfortunate Caraccioli.

A request at the gangway was all that was necessary to procure an admission on board the ship. As soon as the Signor Giuntotardi reached the quarter-deck he communicated his errand, and a messenger was sent below to ascertain if the prisoner would see two visitors; the name of the uncle being alone given.

Francesco Caraccioli, of the Princes Caraccioli, or, as he was more commonly called in English, Prince Caraccioli, was now a man approaching seventy; and being a member of one of the most illustrious houses of Lower Italy, he had long been trusted in employments of high dignity and command. On his offence—its apology—the indecent haste of his trial and execution, and the irregularity of the whole proceedings, it is now unnecessary to dwell; they have all passed into history, and are familiarly known to the world. That very morning had he been seized, and sent on board the Foudroyant; in the cabin of that vessel had a court of his own countrymen convened; and there had he been hastily condemned to death. The hour of doom was near; and he was already in the ship where the execution was to take place.

The messenger of Carlo Giuntotardi found this unfortunate man with his confessor; by whom he had just been shrived. He heard the request with cold indifference; but granted it on the instant, under the impression that it came from some dependent of his family or estates, who had a last favour to ask, or an act of justice to see performed.

"Remain here, father, I beseech you," said the prisoner, perceiving that the priest was about to retire; "it is some *contadino*, or some tradesman whose claims have been overlooked. I am happy that he has come; for one would wish to stand acquitted of injustice before he dies. Let them come in, my friend."

A sign was given with these words, the door of the cabin was opened, and Ghita, with her uncle, entered. A pause of full a minute followed, during which the parties regarded each other in silence; the prisoner endeavouring in vain to recall the countenances of his guests, and the girl trembling, equally with grief and apprehension. Then the last advanced to the feet of the condemned man, knelt, bowed her head, and said —

"Grandfather, your blessing on the child of your only son!"

"Grandfather!— Son!— and his child!" repeated Don Francesco. "I *had* a son, to my shame and contrition be it now confessed; but he has long been dead. I never knew that he left a child."

"This is his daughter, Signore," replied Carlo Giuntotardi; "her mother was my sister. You thought us then too humble to be received into so illustrious a connection; and we have never wished to bring ourselves before your eyes, until we thought our presence might be welcome."

"And thou comest now, good man, to claim affinity with a condemned criminal!"

"Not so, grandfather," answered a meek voice at his feet; "it is your son's daughter who craves a blessing from her dying parent. The boon shall be well requited in prayers for your soul."

"Holy father! I deserve not this! Here has this tender plant lived neglected in the shade, until it raises its timid head to offer its fragrance in the hour of death! I deserve not this!"

"Son, if heaven offered no mercies until they are merited, hopeless, truly, would be the lot of man. But we must not admit illusions at such a moment. Thou art not a husband, Don Francesco; hadst thou ever a son?"

"That among other sins have I long since confessed; and, as it has been deeply repented of, I trust it is forgiven. I had a son — a youth who bore my name, even; though he never dwelt in my palace; until a hasty and indiscreet marriage banished him from my presence. I ever intended to pardon him and to make provision for his wants; but death came too soon to both husband and wife to grant the time. So much I *did* know; and it grieved me that it was so; but of his child never, before this instant, have I heard! 'Tis a sweet countenance, father; it seems the very abode of truth!"

"Why should we deceive you, grandfather?" rejoined Ghita, stretching her arms upward, as if yearning for an embrace; "most of all at a time like this? We come not for honours, or riches, or your great name; we come simply to crave a blessing, and to let you know that a

child of your own blood will be left on earth to say *aves* in behalf of your soul!"

"Holy priest, there can be no deception here!—This dear child even looks like her wronged grandmother; and my heart tells me that she is mine. I know not whether to consider this discovery a good or an evil at this late hour; coming as it does to a dying man!"

"Grandfather, your blessing! Bless Ghita, once, that I may hear the sound of a parent's benediction."

"Bless thee!—bless thee, daughter!" exclaimed the admiral, bending over the weeping girl to do the act she solicited, and then raising her to his arms, and embracing her tenderly; "this *must* be my child—I feel that she is no other."

"Eccellenza," said Carlo, "she is the daughter of your son, Don Francesco, and of my sister, Ghita Giuntotardi, born in lawful wedlock. I would not deceive any—least of all a dying man."

"I have no estates to bequeath—no honours to transmit—no name to boast of. Better the offspring of the lazzaroni than a child of Francesco Caraccioli at this moment."

" Grandfather, we think not of this — care not for this. I have come only to ask the blessing you have bestowed, and to offer the prayers of believers, though we are so lowly. More than this we ask not — wish not — seek not. Our poverty is familiar to us, and we heed it not. Riches would but distress us, and we care not for them."

" I remember, holy father, that one great reason of displeasure at my son's marriage was distrust of the motive of the family which received him; and yet, here, have these honest people suffered me to live on unmolested in prosperity, while they now first claim the affinity in my disgrace and ignominy! I have not been accustomed to meet with wishes and hearts like these!"

" You did not know us, grandfather," said Ghita, simply, her face nearly buried in the old man's bosom. " We have long prayed for you, and reverenced you, and thought of you as a parent whose face was turned from us in anger; but we never sought your gold and honours."

" Gold and honours!" repeated the admiral, gently placing his grand-daughter in a chair.

"These are things of the past for me. My estates are sequestered—my name disgraced; and, an hour hence, I shall have suffered an ignominious death. No selfish views *can* have brought these good people, father, to claim affinity with me at a moment like this."

"It comes from the goodness of God, son. By letting you feel the consolation of this filial love, and by awakening in your own bosom the spark of parental affection, he foreshadows the fruits of his own mercy and tenderness to the erring but penitent. Acknowledge his bounty in your soul; it may bring a blessing on your last moment."

"Holy priest, I hope I do.—But what says this?"

Don Francesco took a note from the hand of a servant, and read its contents eagerly; the world and its feelings having too much hold on his heart to be plucked out in an instant. Indeed, so sudden had been his arrest, trial, and conviction, that it is not surprising the priest found in him a divided spirit, even at an instant like this. His countenance fell; and he passed a hand before his eyes as if to conceal a weakness which was unbecoming.

"They have denied my request, father," said he; "and I must die like a felon!"

"The Son of God suffered on the cross, suspended between two thieves."

"I believe there is far less in these opinions than we are accustomed to think, yet it is cruel for one who has filled so high employments — a prince — a Caraccioli, to die like a lazzarone!"

"Grandfather!"

"Did you speak, child? I wonder not that this indignity should fill thee with horror."

"It is not *that*, grandfather," resumed Ghita, shaking off her doubts, and looking up with flushed cheeks, and a face radiant with holy feelings: "Oh! it is not *that*. If my life could save thine, gladly would I give it up for such a purpose; but do not — do not, at this awful moment, mistake the shadow for the substance! What matters it how death is met when it opens the gates of heaven? Pain, I am sure, *you* cannot fear;—even I, weak and feeble girl that I am, can despise *that;* what other honour can there be in the hour of death, than to be thought worthy of the mercy and care of God? Caraccioli or

lazzarone—prince or beggar—it will matter not two hours' hence; and let me reverently beg of you to humble your thoughts to the level which becomes all sinners."

"Thou say'st thou art my grandchild, Ghita,—the daughter of my son, Francesco?"

"Signore, I am, as all tell me—as my heart tells me—and as I believe."

"And thou look'st upon these opinions as unworthy—*unsuited*, if thou lik'st that better—to this solemn moment, and considerest the *manner* of a death as matter of indifference, even to a soldier?"

"When placed in comparison with his hopes of heaven—when viewed through his own demerits and the merits of his Saviour, grandfather."

"And wilt thou, then, just entering on the stage of life, with the world before thee, and all which its future can offer, accompany me to the scaffold—let it be known to the mocking crowd that thou derivest thy being through the felon, and art not ashamed to own him for a parent?"

"I will, grandfather; this have I come to do," answered Ghita, steadily. "But do not

ask me to look upon thy sufferings! All that can be done to lessen by sharing thy disgrace, if disgrace it be, will I most gladly do, though I dread to see thy aged form in pain!"

"And this wilt thou do for one thou never beheld'st until this hour?—one thou canst hardly have been taught to consider just to thyself?"

"If I have never seen thee before this visit, grandfather, I have loved thee, and prayed for thee from infancy. My excellent uncle early taught me this lesson in duty; but he never taught me to hate thee or any one. My own father is taken away; and that which he would have been to thee this day will I endeavour to be for him. The world is nought to me, and it will console thee to think that one is near whose heart weeps for thee, and whose soul is lost in prayers for thy eternal pardon."

"And this being, father, is made known to me an hour before I die! God punishes me sufficiently for the wrong I've done her, in letting me thus know her worth when it is too late to profit by it. No, Ghita, blessed child, such a sacrifice shall not be asked of thee. Take this cross—it was my mother's; worn on

her bosom, and has long been worn on mine; keep it as a memorial of thy unhappy parent, and pray for me; but quit this terrible ship, and do not grieve thy gentle spirit with a scene so unfit for thy sex and years. Bless thee—bless thee, my child! Would to heaven I had earlier known thee; but even this glimpse of thy worth has lightened my heart. Thou find'st me here a poor condemned criminal, unable to provide for thy future wants; nay, I *can* yet do a little for thee, too. This bag contains gold. It has been sent to me by a relative, thinking that it might be of service in averting the punishment which awaits me. For that purpose it is now useless; with thy simple habits, however, it will render thy life easy, and above care."

Ghita, with streaming eyes, steadily put aside the gold, though she pressed the cross to her bosom, kissing it fervently again and again.

"Not that—not that, grandfather," said she; "I want it not—wish it not. This is enough; and this will I keep to my own last moment. I will quit the ship, too, but not the place. I see many boats collecting, and mine

shall be among them; my prayers shall go up to God for thee now thou art living, and daily after thou art dead. There needs no gold, grandfather, to purchase a daughter's prayers."

Don Francesco regarded the zealous and lovely girl with intense feeling; then he folded her to his heart once more, blessing her audibly again and again. While thus employed, the Foudroyant's bell struck once, and then those of all the surrounding ships, English and Neapolitan, repeated the stroke. This Caraccioli, a seaman himself, well knew denoted that the time was half-past four, five being the hour named for his execution. He felt it necessary, therefore, to dismiss his new-found relative, that he might pass a few more minutes alone with his confessor. The parting was solemn but tender; and as Ghita left the cabin, her condemned grandfather felt as he would have done had he taken leave for ever of one whom he had long loved, and whose virtues had been a solace to him from the hour of his birth.

The deck of the Minerva presented a sorrowful scene. Although the prisoner had been condemned by a court of Neapolitan officers the trial took place under the British ensign;

and the feeling of the public was with the prisoner. There existed no necessity for the hurry in which everything had been done, for no immediate danger pressed; and an example would have been more impressive, had there been less of the appearance of a desire for personal vengeance, and more of the calm deliberation of justice in the affair. Ghita's connexion with the prisoner could not be even suspected; but as it was known that she had been in the cabin, and believed that she felt an interest in the condemned, the officers manifested an interest in her wishes and too evident emotions. An immense throng of boats had assembled around the ship; for, hasty as had been the proceedings, the tidings that Francesco Caraccioli was to be hanged for treason spread like wild-fire; and scarcely a craft of proper size was left within the mole, so eager was the desire to witness that which was to occur. Either in the confusion or bribed by money, the man who had brought off Carlo Giuntotardi and his niece was no longer to be found; and the means of quitting the ship seemed momentarily to be lost.

"Here is a boat, close to our gangway,"

said the officer of the deck, who had kindly interested himself in behalf of so interesting a girl, "with a single man in it; a few *grani* would induce him to put you ashore."

The fellow in the boat was of the class of the lazzaroni, wearing a clean cotton shirt, a Phrygian cap, and cotton trowsers which terminated at the knees; leaving his muscular arms and legs entirely bare; models for the statuary in their neatness, vigour and proportions. The feet alone formed an exception to the ordinary attire, for they were cased in a pair of quaint canvass shoes, which were ornamented a little like the moccasins of the American Indian. Carlo caught the eye of this man, who appeared to be eagerly watching the frigate's gangway for a fare, and, holding up a small piece of silver, in a moment the light boat was at the foot of the accommodation-ladder. Ghita now descended; and, as soon as her uncle and she were seated, the skiff, for it was little more, whirled away from the ship's side, though two or three more, who had also been left by recreant boatmen for better fares, called out to him to receive them also.

"We had best go alone, even though it cost

us a heavier price," quietly observed Carlo to his niece, as he noted this occurrence. "Pull us a short distance from the ship, friend,—here, where there are fewer boats, and thou shalt meet with a fair reward. We have an interest in this solemn scene, and could wish not to be observed."

"I know that well, Signor Carlo," answered the boatman; "and will see that you are not molested."

Ghita uttered a faint exclamation, and, looking up, first saw that the feigned lazzarone was no other than Raoul Yvard. As her uncle was too unobservant, in general, to detect his disguise, he made a sign for her to command herself, and continued rowing as if nothing had occurred.

"Be at ease, Ghita," said Carlo; "it is not yet the time, and we have twenty good minutes for our aves."

Ghita, however, was far from being at ease. She felt all the risks which the young man now ran, and she felt that it was on her account solely that he incurred them. Even the solemn feeling of the hour and the occasion was disturbed by his presence; and she wished he

were away on more accounts than one. Here he was, nevertheless, and in the midst of enemies; and it would not have been in nature for one of her years and sex, and, most of all, of her feelings, not to indulge in a sentiment of tender gratitude towards him who had, as it were, thrust his head into the very lion's mouth to do her a service. Between Raoul and Ghita there had been no reserves on the subject of parentage; and the former understood why his mistress was here, as well as the motive which brought her. As for the last, she glanced timidly around her fearful that the lugger, too, had been brought into the throng of ships which crowded the anchorage. For this, however, Raoul was much too wary, nothing resembling his little craft being visible.

The reader will have understood that many vessels of war, English, Russian, Turkish and Neapolitan, were now anchored in the bay. As the French still held the Castle of St. Elmo, or the citadel which crowns the heights, which, in their turn, crown the town, the shipping did not lay quite as close to the mole as usual, lest a shot from the enemy above might do them injury; but they were sufficiently

near to permit all the idle and curious of Naples, who had the hearts and the means, to pull off and become spectators of the sad scene which was about to occur. As the hour drew near, boat after boat arrived, until the Minerva was surrounded with spectators, many of whom belonged even to the higher classes of society.

The distance between the Neapolitan frigate and the ship of the English rear-admiral was not great; and everything which occurred on board the former, and which was not actually hidden by the sides and bulwarks of the vessel itself, was easily to be seen from the decks of the latter. Still the Foudroyant lay a little without the circle of boats; and in that direction Raoul had pulled, to avoid the throng, resting on his oars when about a third of a cable's-length from the British admiral's stern. Here it was determined to wait for the awful signal and its fatal consequences. The brief interval was passed by Ghita in telling her beads, while Carlo joined in the prayers with the devotion of a zealot. It is scarcely necessary to say, that all this Raoul witnessed without faith, though it would be doing injustice to

his nature, as well as to his love for Ghita, to say he did so without sympathy.

A solemn and expecting silence reigned in all the neighbouring ships. The afternoon was calm and sultry, the zephyr ceasing to blow earlier than common, as if unwilling to disturb the melancholy scene even with its murmurs. On board the Minerva no sign of life—scarcely of death—was seen; though a single whip was visible rigged to the fore-yard-arm, one end being led in-board, while the other ran along the yard, passed through a leading-block in its quarter and descended to the deck. There was a platform fitted on two of the guns beneath this expressive, but simple, arrangement; but, as it was in-board, it was necessarily concealed from all except those who were on the Minerva's decks. With these preparations Raoul was familiar, and his understanding eye saw the particular rope which was so soon to deprive Ghita of her grandfather, though it was lost to her and her uncle among the maze of rigging by which it was surrounded.

Ten minutes might have passed in this solemn stillness, during which the crowd of

boats continued to collect; and the crews of the different ships were permitted to take such positions as enabled them to become spectators of a scene which it was hoped might prove admonitory. It is part of the etiquette of a vessel of war to make her people keep close; it being deemed one sign of a well-ordered ship to let as few men be seen as possible, except on those occasions when duty requires them to show themselves. This rigid rule, however, was momentarily lost sight of, and the teeming masses that floated around La Minerva gave up their thousands, like bees clustering about their hives. It was in the midst of such signs of expectation, that the call of the boatswain was heard piping the side on board the Foudroyant, and four side-boys lay over on the accommodation-ladder, a mark of honour never paid to one of a rank less than that of a captain. Raoul's boat was within fifty yards of that very gangway, and he turned his head in idle curiosity to see who might descend into the gig which was lying at the foot of the long flight of steps. A stranger with two epaulettes came first, showing the way to two civilians, and a sea-lieu-

tenant; when all descended in a line, and entered the boat. The next instant the oars fell, and the gig whirled round under the Foudroyant's stern, and came glancing up towards his own skiff. Four or five of the strong man-of-war jerks sufficed to send the long, narrow boat as far as was desired, when the men ceased rowing, their little craft losing her way within ten feet of the skiff occupied by our party. Then it was that Raoul, to his surprise, discovered that the two civilians were no other than Andrea Barrofaldi and Vito Viti, who had accompanied Cuffe and Griffin, their companions in the gig, on a cruize; of which the express object was to capture himself and his vessel.

Another man would have been alarmed at finding himself in such close vicinity to his enemies; but Raoul Yvard was amused, rather than rendered uneasy, by the circumstance. He had faith in his disguise; and he was much too familiar with incidents of this sort not to retain his self-command and composure. Of course he knew nothing of the persons of the two Englishmen; but, perfectly aware of the presence of the Proserpine, he guessed

at their identity, and very correctly imagined the circumstances which brought companions, so ill-assorted, together. He had taken no precautions to disguise his face; and the red Phrygian cap which he wore, in common with thousands in that bay, left every feature and lineament fully exposed. With Ghita, however, the case was different. She was far better known to the two Elbans, as indeed was the person of her uncle, than was the privateer's-man; but both had veiled their faces in prayer.

"I do not half like this business, Griffin," observed the captain, as his gig entirely lost its way; "and wish, with all my heart, we had nothing to do with it. I knew this old Caraccioli; and a very good sort of man he was; and, as to treason, it is not easy to say who is and who is not a traitor in times like these, in such a nation as this. — Ha! I believe on my soul, this is the same old man and the same pretty girl who came to see Nelson half an hour ago about this very execution!"

"What could *they* have to do with Prince Caraccioli or his treason, sir?—The old chap looks bookish, but he is not a priest; and as to the girl, she is trim built enough. I fancy the

face is no great matter, however, or she would not take so much pains to hide it."

Raoul muttered a "sacr-r-re" between his teeth; but he succeeded in suppressing all outward expression of feeling. Cuffe, on the contrary, saw no other motive for unusual discretion, beyond the presence of his boat's crew, before whom, however, he was accustomed to less reserve than with his people in general.

"If she be the same as the one we had in the cabin," he answered, "there is no necessity for a veil; for a prettier or a more modest-looking girl is not often fallen in with. What she wanted, exactly, is more than I can tell you, as she spoke Italian altogether; and 'Miladi' had the interview pretty much to herself. But her good looks seem to have taken with this old bachelor, the justice of the peace, who eyes her as if he had an inclination to open his mind to the beauty. Ask him in Italian, Griffin, what mare's nest he has run foul of now."

"You seem to have found something to look at beside the Minerva, Signor Podestà," observed Griffin, in an under-tone; "I hope it is not Venus."

"Cospetto!" grunted Vito Viti, nudging his neighbour, the vice-governor, and nodding towards the other boat; "if that be not little Ghita, who came into our island like a comet, and went out of it—to what shall I liken her sudden and extraordinary disappearance, Signor Andrea?"

"To that of Le Feu-Follet, or ze Ving-y-Ving," put in Griffin, who, now that he had got the two functionaries fairly afloat, spared none of the jokes which come so easy and natural to a man-of-war's man. "*She* went out too in an 'extraordinary disappearance,' and perhaps the lady and the lugger went out together."

Vito Viti muttered an answer; for by this time he had discovered that he was a very different personage on board the Proserpine from what the other had appeared to consider him while in his native island. He might have expressed himself aloud, indeed; but at that instant a column of smoke glanced out of the bow part of the Minerva—a yellow flag was shown aloft—and then came the report of the signal-gun.

It has been said that vessels of war of four different nations were at that time lying in the

Bay of Naples. Nelson had come in but a short time previously with seventeen ships of the line, and he found several more of his countrymen lying there. This large force had been assembled to repel an expected attack on the island of Minorca, and it was still kept together in an uncertainty of the future movements of the enemy. A Russian force had come out of the Black Sea to act against the French, bringing with it a squadron of the Grand Signor; thus presenting to the world the singular spectacle of the followers of Luther, devotees of the Greek church, and disciples of Mahomet, uniting in defence of "our rights, our firesides, and our altars!" To these vessels must be added a small squadron of ships of the country, making a mixed force of four different ensigns, which was to witness the melancholy scene we are about to relate.

The yellow flag and the signal-gun brought everything in the shape of duty to a stand-still in all the fleets. The hoarse commands ceased — the boatswains and their mates laid aside their calls, and the echoing midshipmen no longer found orders to repeat. The seamen gathered to the sides of their respective vessels;

every part glistened with expectant eyes; the booms resembled clusters of bees suspended from the boughs of a forest; and the knight-heads, taffrails, gangways, and stretchers of the rigging, were garnished with those whose bright buttons, glazed hats, epaulettes, and dark blue dresses, denoted that they belonged to the privileged classes of a ship. Notwithstanding all this curiosity, nothing like the feeling which is apt to be manifested at an exhibition of merited punishment was visible in a single countenance. An expression resembling a sombre gloom appeared to have settled on all those grim warriors of the deep; English, Russian, Neapolitan, or Turk, apparently reserving all his sympathies for the sufferer rather than for the majesty of justice. Still, no murmur arose —no sign of resistance was made—no look of remonstrance given. The unseen mantle of authority covered all; and these masses of discontented men submitted, as we bow to what is believed to be the fiat of Fate. The deep-seated and unresisting habit of discipline suppressed complaint; but there was a general conviction that some act was about to be committed that it were better for humanity and

justice should not be done; or if done at all, that it needed more of form, greater deliberation, and a fairer trial, to be so done as to obtain the commendation of men. The Turks alone showed apathy, though all showed submission. These subjects of destiny looked on coldly, though even among them a low rumour had passed, that a malign influence prevailed in the fleet, and that a great and proud spirit had been mastered by the passion which so often deprives heroes of their self-command and independence.

Ghita ceased her prayers as the report of the gun broke rudely on her ears, and, with streaming eyes, she even dared to look towards the frigate. Raoul and all the rest bent their gaze in the same direction. The sailors among them saw the rope at the fore-yard-arm move, and then heads rose slowly above the hammock-cloths; at this moment the prisoner and his attendant priest were visible even to their feet. The unfortunate Caraccioli, as has been said, had nearly numbered his three-score-and-ten years in the regular course of nature; and his bare head now showed the traces of time. He wore no coat; and his arms were bound

behind his back at the elbows, leaving just motion enough to the hands to aid him in the slighter offices about his own person. His neck was bare, and the fatal cord was tightened sufficiently around it, to prevent accidents, constantly admonishing its victim of its revolting office.

A low murmur arose among the people in the boats, as this spectacle presented itself to their eyes; and many bowed their faces in prayer. The condemned man caught a ray of consolation from this expression of sympathy; and he looked around him an instant, with something like a return of those feelings of the world, which it had been his effort and his desire totally to eradicate since he had taken leave of Ghita, and learned that his last request — that of changing his mode of punishment — had been denied. That was a fearful moment for one like Don Francesco Caraccioli, who had passed a long life in the midst of the scene which surrounded him — illustrious by birth, affluent, honoured for his services, and accustomed to respect and deference. Never had the glorious panorama of the bay appeared more lovely than it did

at that instant, when he was about to quit it for ever, and this by means of a violent and disgraceful death. From the purple mountains — the cerulean void above him — the blue waters over which he seemed already to be suspended — and the basking shores, rich in their towns, villas and vines, his eye turned toward the world of ships, each alive with its masses of living men. A glance of melancholy reproach was cast upon the little flag which was just waving at the mizzen-mast-head of the Foudroyant; and then it fell on the carpet of faces beneath, which seemed fairly to change the surface of the smooth sea into an arena of human countenances. His look was steady, though his soul was in a tumult. Ghita was recognized by her companion, and by her dress. He moved towards the edge of his narrow scaffolding, endeavoured to stretch forth his arms, and blessed her, again, aloud. The poor girl dropped on her knees in the bottom of the boat, bowed her head, and in that humble attitude did she remain until all was over; not daring once to look upward again.

"Son," said the priest, "this is a moment

when the earth, and its feelings, must be forgotten."

"I know it, father," answered the old man, his voice trembling with emotion, for his sensations were too powerful, too sublime, even, for the degrading passion of fear; "but never before did this fair piece of the creation seem so lovely in my eyes as now, when I am about to quit it for the last time."

"Look beyond this scene, into the long vista of eternity, son; there thou wilt behold that which mocks at all human, all earthly means to equal. I fear that our time is but short; hast thou aught yet to say in the flesh?"

"Let it be known, holy priest, that in my dying moment I prayed for Nelson, and for all who have been active in bringing me to this end. It is easy for the fortunate, and the untempted, to condemn; but he is wiser, as he is safer, who puts more reliance on the goodness of God than on his own merits."

A ray of satisfaction gleamed athwart the pale countenance of the priest — a sincerely pious man, or fear of personal consequences might have kept him aloof from such a scene —and he closed his eyes while he expressed

his gratitude to God in the secret recesses of his own spirit. Then he turned to the prince and spoke cheeringly.

"Son," said he, "if thou quittest life with a due dependence on the Son of God, and in this temper towards thy fellow-creatures, of all this living throng thou art he who is most to be envied! Address thy soul in prayer, once more to Him whom thou feelest can alone serve thee."

Caraccioli, aided by the priest, knelt on the scaffold; for the rope hung loose enough to permit that act of humiliation, and the other bent at his side.

"I wish to God Nelson had nothing to do with this!" muttered Cuffe, as he turned away his face, inadvertently bending his eyes on the Foudroyant, nearly under the stern of which ship his gig lay. There, in the stern-walk, stood the lady, already mentioned in this chapter, a keen spectator of the awful scene. No one but a maid was near her, however, the men of her companionship not being of moods stern enough to be at her side. Cuffe turned away from this sight in still stronger disgust; and just at that moment a common cry arose

from the boats. Looking round he was just in time to see the unfortunate Caraccioli dragged from his knees by the neck until he rose, by a steady man-of-war pull, to the end of the yard; leaving his companion alone on the scaffold, still lost in prayer. There was a horrible minute of the struggles between life and death, when the body, so late the tenement of an immortal spirit, hung, like one of the jewel-blocks of the ship, dangling passively at the end of the spar, as insensible as the wood which sustained it!

CHAPTER VI.

Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea!
The wash of waters lulls thee, now;
His arm no more will pillow thee,
Thy hand upon his brow.
He is not near to hurt thee, or to save:
The ground is his—the sea must be thy grave.

DANA.

A LONG summer's evening did the body of Francesco Caraccioli hang suspended at the yard-arm of the Minerva; a revolting spectacle to his countrymen, and to most of the strangers who had been the witnesses of his end. Then was it lowered into a boat, its feet loaded with double-headed shot, and it was carried out a league or more into the bay, and cast into the sea. The revolting manner in which it rose to the surface and confronted its destroyers, a fortnight later, has passed into history; and to this day forms

one of the marvels related by the ignorant and wonder-loving of that region.* As for Ghita, she disappeared, no one knew how; Vito Viti and his companions being too much absorbed with the scene to note the tender and considerate manner in which Raoul rowed her off from a spectacle which could but be replete with horrors to one so situated. Cuffe himself stood only a few minutes longer; but he directed his boat's crew to pull alongside of the Proserpine. In half-an-hour after the execution took place, this frigate was aweigh; and then she was seen standing out of the bay,

* Singular as was this occurrence, and painful as it must have proved to the parties to the execution, it is one of the simplest consequences of natural causes. All animal matter swells in water previously to turning corrupt. A body which has become of twice its natural size in this manner, as a matter of course, displaces twice the usual quantity of water; the *weight* of the mass remaining the same. Most human frames floating, in their natural state, so long as the lungs are inflated with air; it follows that one in this condition would bring up with it as much weight in iron, as made the difference between its own gravity, and that of the water it displaced. The upright attitude of Caraccioli was owing to the shot attached to the feet; of which, it is also probable, one or two had become loosened.

before a light air, covered with canvass from her truck to her hammock-cloths. Leaving her, for the moment, we will return to the party in the skiff.

Neither Carlo Giuntotardi, nor Ghita Caraccioli — for so we must continue to call the girl, albeit the name is much too illustrious to be borne by one of her humble condition in life — but neither of these two had any other design in thus seeking out the unfortunate admiral, than to perform what each believed to be a duty. As soon as the fate of Caraccioli was decided, both were willing to return to their old position in life; not that they felt ashamed to avow their connection with the dead; but because they were quite devoid of any of that worldly ambition which renders rank and fortune necessary to happiness.

When he left the crowd of boats, Raoul pulled towards the rocks which bound the shores of the bay, near the gardens of Portici. This was a point sufficiently removed from the common anchorage to be safe from observation; and yet so near as to be reached in considerably less than an hour. As the light boat proceeded, Ghita gradually re-

gained her composure. She dried her eyes, and looked around her inquiringly, as if wondering whither their companion was taking them.

"I will not ask you, Raoul, why you are here, at a moment like this, and whence you have come," she said; "but I may ask whither you are now carrying us? Our home is at St. Agata, on the heights above Sorrento, and on the other side of the bay. We go there annually to pass a month with my mother's sister; who asks this much of our love."

"If I did not know all this, Ghita, I would not, and could not be here. I have visited the cottage of your aunt this day; followed you to Naples; heard of the admiral's trial and sentence; understood how it would affect your feelings; traced you on board the English admiral's ship, and was in waiting as you found me; having first contrived to send away the man who took you off. All this has come about as naturally as the feeling which has induced me to venture, again, into the lion's mouth."

"The pitcher that goes often to the well,

Raoul, gets broken at last," said Ghita, a little reproachfully, though it surpassed her power to prevent the tones of tenderness from mingling with her words.

"You know all, Ghita. After months of perseverance, and a love such as man seldom felt before, you deliberately and coldly refused to be my wife; — nay, you have deserted Monte Argentaro purposely to get rid of my importunities; for there I could go with the lugger at any moment; and have come here upon this bay, crowded with the English, and other enemies of France, fancying that I would not dare to venture hither.— Well, you see with what success; for neither Nelson, nor his two-deckers, can keep Raoul Yvard from the woman he loves, let him be as victorious and skilful as he may!".

The sailor had ceased rowing to give vent to his feelings in this speech, neither of the two colloquists regarding the presence of Carlo Giuntotardi any more than if he had been a part of themselves. This indifference to the fact that a third person was a listener proceeded from habit, the worthy scholar and religionist being usually too abstracted to at-

tend to concerns so light as love and the youthful affections. Ghita was not surprised either at the reproaches of her suitor, or at his perseverance; and her conscience told her that he uttered but the truth in attributing to her the motives he had, in urging her uncle to make their recent change of residence; for, while a sense of duty had induced her to quit the towers, her art was not sufficient to suggest the expediency of going to any other abode than that which she was accustomed to inhabit periodically, and about which Raoul knew, from her own innocent narrations, nearly as much as she knew herself.

"I can say no more than I have said, already," the thoughtful girl answered, after Raoul had began again to row. "It is better on every account that we should part. I cannot change my country; nor can you desert that glorious republic of which you feel so proud. I am an Italian, and you are French; and, more than all, I worship my God, while you believe in the new opinions of your own nation. Here are causes enough for separation, surely, however favourably and kindly we may happen to think of each other in general."

"Tell me not, any more, of the heart of an Italian girl, and of her readiness to fly to the world's end with the man of her choice!" exclaimed Raoul, bitterly. "I can find a thousand girls in Languedoc who would make the circuit of the earth, yearly, rather than be separated a day from the seamen they have chosen for their husbands."

"Then look among the girls of Languedoc for a wife," answered Ghita, with a smile so melancholy that it contradicted her words. "Better to take one of your own nation and opinion, Raoul, than risk your happiness with a stranger; who might not answer all your hopes when you came to know her better."

"We will not talk further of this now, dearest Ghita: my first care must be to carry you back to the cottage of your aunt — unless, indeed, you will at once embark in Le Feu-Follet and return to the towers?"

"Le Feu-Follet!—she is hardly here, in the midst of a fleet of her enemies!—Remember, Raoul, that your men will begin to complain if you place them too often in such risks to gratify your own wishes."

"*Peste!*—I keep them in good-humour by rich prizes. They have been successful, and that which makes yonder Nelson popular and a great man, makes Raoul Yvard popular and a great man also in his little way. My crew is like its captain—it loves adventures, and it loves success."

"I do not see the lugger: among a hundred ships there is no sign of yours?"

"The Bay of Napoli is large, Ghita," returned Raoul, laughing; "and Le Feu-Follet takes but little room. See—yonder *vaisseaux-de-ligne* appear trifling among these noble mountains, and on this wide gulf: you cannot expect my little lugger to make much show. We are small, Ghita mia, if not insignificant!"

"Still, where there are so many vigilant eyes there is always danger, Raoul! Besides, a lugger is an unusual rig, as you have owned to me yourself."

"Not here, among all these eastern craft. I have always found, if I wished to be unnoticed, it was best to get into a crowd; whereas, he who lives in a village lives in open daylight. But we will talk of these

things, when alone, Ghita—yonder fisherman is getting ready to receive us."

By this time the skiff was near the shore, where a little yawl was anchored, containing a solitary fisherman. This man was examining them as they approached; and recognising Raoul he was gathering in his lines, and preparing to raise his grapnel. In a few minutes the two craft lay side by side: and then, though not without difficulty, owing to a very elaborate disguise, Ghita recognised Ithuel Bolt. A very few words sufficed to let the American into all that it was necessary he should know, when the whole party made its arrangements to depart. The skiff which Raoul, having found it lying on the beach, had made free with, without leave, he anchored in the full expectation that its right owner might find it some day or other; while its cargo was transferred to the yawl, which was one of the lugger's own attendants. The latter was a light, swift-pulling little boat, admirably constructed, and fit to live in a sea-way; requiring, moreover, but two good oars, one of which Raoul undertook to pull himself,

while Ithuel managed the other. In five minutes after the junction was made, the party was moving again from the land, in a straight line across the bay, steering in the direction of its southern cape, and proceeding with the steady, swift movement of men accustomed to the toil.

There are few portions of the sea in which a single ship or boat is an object of so little notice as the Bay of Naples. This is true of all times and seasons; the magnificent scale on which Nature has created her panorama, rendering ordinary objects of comparative insignificance: while the constant movement, the fruit of a million of souls thronging around its teeming shores, covers it in all directions with boats, almost as the streets of a town are crowded with pedestrians. The present occasion, too, was one likely to set everything in motion; and Raoul judged rightly, when he thought himself less likely to be observed in such a scene than on a smaller and less-frequented water. As a matter of course, while near the mole, or the common anchorage, it was necessary to pass amid a floating throng; but, once beyond

the limits of this crowd, the size of the bay rendered it quite easy to avoid unpleasant collisions, without any apparent effort: while the passage of a boat in any direction was an occurrence too common to awaken distrust. One would think no more of questioning a craft which was encountered, even in the centre of that spacious bay, than he would think of inquiring about the strangers met in a market-place. All this both Raoul and Ithuel knew and felt; and once in motion, in their yawl, they experienced a sense of security which, for the four or five previous hours, had not always existed.

By this time the sun was low, though it was possible, as Raoul perceived, to detect the speck still swinging at the Minerva's fore-yard-arm; a circumstance to which the young man, with considerate feeling, refrained from adverting. The Proserpine had been some time in motion, standing out of the fleet under a cloud of canvass, but with an air so light as to permit the yawl to gain on her, though the heads of both were turned in the same direction. In this manner mile after mile was passed, until darkness came.

Then the moon arose, rendering the bay less distinct, it is true, but scarcely more mysterious, or more lovely, than in the hours of stronger light. The gulf, indeed, forms an exception in this particular to the general rule by the extent of its shores, the elevation of its mountains, the beauty of its water—which has the deep tint of the ocean off-soundings—and the softness of the atmosphere; lending to it by day all the mellowed and dreamy charms which other scenes borrow from the illusions of night, and the milder brilliance of the secondary planets. Raoul did not exert himself at the oar; and, as he sat aft, his companion was obliged to take the stroke from his movement. It was so pleasant to have Ghita with him on his own element, that he never hurried himself while in the enjoyment of her society. The conversation, it will be readily imagined, was not lively; but the saddened melancholy of Ghita's voice, as she occasionally hazarded a remark of her own, or answered one of his questions, sounded sweeter in his ears than the music of the ships' bands which was now wafted to them across the water.

As the evening advanced, the land-breeze increased, and the Proserpine gradually gained upon the boat. When the latter was about two-thirds of the distance across the bay, the frigate caught the stronger current which came down athwart the campagna, between Vesuvius and the mountains behind Castel à Mare, when she drove ahead fast. Her sails, as seamen express it, were all asleep; or swelled outward, without collapsing; and her rate of sailing was between five and six miles in the hour. This brought them up with the boat, hand-over-hand, as it is called; and Ghita, at Raoul's request, put the helm aside, in order that they might get out of the way of the huge body which was approaching. It would seem that there was some design on the part of the ship in coming so near, for she made a sheer towards the yawl in a way to frighten the timid helmswoman, and to induce her to relinquish her hold of the tiller.

"Fear nothing," called out Griffin, in Italian—"we intend to offer you a tow. Stand by, and catch the line—Heave."

A small rope was thrown; and, falling directly across Ithuel's head, that person could

do no less than seize it. With all his detestation of the English in general, and of this vessel in particular, the man-of-all-work had the labour-saving propensity of his countrymen; and it struck him as a good thing to make a "king's ship" aid an enemy's privateer by accepting the offer. As he used the line with proper dexterity, the yawl was soon towing on the quarter of the frigate; Raoul, taking the helm, and giving the boat the sheer necessary to prevent her dragging in alongside. This was a change so sudden, and so totally unexpected, that Ghita murmured her disapprobation, lest it should lead to a discovery of the true character of her companions.

"Fear nothing, dearest," answered Raoul; "they cannot suspect us; and we may learn something useful by being here. At all events, Le Feu-Follet is safe from their designs just at this moment."

"Are you boatmen of Capri?" called out Griffin, who stood on the taffrail of the ship, with Cuffe and the two Italians near him, the first dictating the questions his lieutenant put.

"S'nore, sì," answered Raoul, adopting the

patois of the country as well as he could, and disguising his deep mellow voice by speaking in a high, shrill key: "boatmen of Capri that have been to Napoli with wine, and have been kept out later than we intended by the spectacle at the yard-arm of the Minerva. Cospetto! them signori make no more of a prince than we do of a quail in the season on our little island.—Pardon me, dearest Ghita; but we *must* throw dust into their eyes."

"Has any strange sail been seen about your island within the last twenty-four hours?"

"The bay is full of strange sail, S'nore,—even the Turks coming to see us since the last trouble with the French."

"Ay, but the Turks are now your allies, like us English. Have you seen any other strangers?"

"They tell me there are ships from the far north, too, S'nore, off the town,—Russians, I believe they call them."

"They, too, are allies,—but I mean enemies? Has there not been a lugger seen off your island within the last day or two,—a lugger of the French?"

"Sì, sì,—I know what you mean now,

S'nore. There *has* been a vessel like that you mention off the island, for I saw her with my own eyes, — sì, sì. It was about the twenty-third hour last evening, — a lugger, — and we all said she must be French by her wicked looks."

"Raoul!" said Ghita, as if reproaching him for an indiscretion.

"This is the true way to befog them," answered the young man. "They have certainly heard of us; and by seeming to tell a little truth frankly, it will give me an opportunity of telling more untruth."

"Ah! Raoul, it is a sad life which renders untruths necessary!"

"It is the art of war, dearest: without it we should soon be outwitted by these knaves of English.—Sì, sì, S'nori, — we all said just that concerning her looks and rig."

"Will you sheer your boat alongside, friend," inquired Griffin, "and come on board of us? We have a ducat here that wants an owner; I fancy it will fit your pocket as well as another's. We will haul you ahead, abreast of the gangway."

"Oh, Raoul, do not think of this rash

act!" whispered Ghita; "the vice-governor or the podestà will recollect you, and then all will be lost!"

"Fear nothing, Ghita; a good cause, and a keen wit, will carry me through, — while the least hesitation might, indeed, ruin us. These English first ask, and then take without asking, if you tell them no. Corpo di Bacco! who ever heard, either, of a lazzarone's refusing a ducat?"

Raoul then whispered a few words to Ithuel, when the boat being by this time far enough ahead, he gave it a sheer alongside of the ship, seized a man-rope, and went up the cleets as actively as a cat. It is certain not a soul on board that fine frigate had the least suspicion of the true character of the individual who now confidently trod her quarter-deck. The young man himself loved the excitement of such an adventure, and he felt the greater confidence in his impunity from the circumstance that there was no other light than that of the moon. The sails, too, cast their shadows upon deck; and then, neither of the two Italians was a wizard at detecting impostors, as he knew by experience.

The watch was set for the night, and Winchester, who had returned to duty, held the trumpet, while Griffin had no other immediate office but to interpret. Two or three midshipmen were lounging about the quarter-deck; here and there a seaman was on the look-out, at the halyards, or on a cat-head; some twenty or thirty old sea-dogs were pacing the gangways or the forecastle, with their arms crossed, or hands stuck in their jackets; and a quick-eyed active quarter-master stood near the man at the wheel, conning the ship. The remainder of the watch had stowed themselves between the guns, or among the booms, in readiness to act, but, in truth, dozing. Cuffe, Griffin, and the two Italians descended from the taffrail and awaited the approach of the supposed lazzarone, or boatman of Capri, as he was now believed to be, near the stern of the vessel. By an arrangement among themselves, Vito Viti became the spokesman, Griffin translating to the captain all that passed, in an under-tone, as soon as it was uttered.

"Come hither, friend," commenced the podestà, in a patronising but somewhat lofty

manner; "this generous and noble English captain, Sir Kooffe, desires me to present you with a ducat, by way of showing that he asks no more of you than he is willing to pay for. A ducat* is a great deal of money, you know; and good pay merits good services."

"S'nore, sì; your eccellenza says the truth; a good ducat certainly deserves good services."

"*Bene.* Now tell these signori all you know about that said lugger; where you saw her, when you saw her, and what she was about. Keep your mind clear, and tell us one thing at a time."

"S'nore sì. I will keep my mind clear, and tell you no more than one thing at a time. I believe, eccellenza, I am to begin with *where* I saw her; then I'm to tell you *when* I saw her; after which you wish to know what she was about. I believe this is the way you put it, S'nore?"

"Excellently well; answer in that order, and you will make yourself understood. But

* The silver ducat of Naples is worth eighty grani, or rather less than eighty cents: the golden ducat, or sequin of Italy, Holland, Turkey, &c., is worth a trifle more than two American dollars. Raoul was offered the former.

first tell me:—do all the natives of Capri speak the same sort of Italian as you do yourself, friend?"

"S'nore, sì,—though my mother having been a Frenchwoman, they tell me that I have caught a little from her. We all get something from our mothers, eccellenza; and it 's a pity we could not keep more of it."

"True, friend; but now for the lugger. Remember that honourable signori will hear what you say; therefore, for your own credit, speak to the point; and speak nothing but truth, for the love of God."

"Then, S'nore, first as to *where* I saw her—does your eccellenza mean where I was at the time, or where the lugger was?"

"Where the lugger was, fellow. Dost think Sir Kooffe cares where thou spent thy day!"

"Well, then, eccellenza, the lugger was near the island of Capri, on the side next the Mediterranean, which you know, S'nore, is on the side opposite to the bay, and near as might be abreast of the house of Giacomo Alberti—does your eccellenza know anything of the house I mean?"

"Not I; but tell your story as if I knew all about it. It is these particulars which give value to a tale. How far from the nearest land? Mention that fact, by all means, if you happen to remember."

"Well, eccellenza, could the distance be measured now, I think it would prove to be about as far—not quite, S'nore, but I say *about*—about as far as from the said Giacomo's largest fig-tree to the vines of Giovanni, his wife's cousin. Sì—I think just about that distance."

"And how far may that be, friend? Be precise, as much may depend on your answers."

"S'nore, that may be a trifle farther than it is from the church to the top of the stairs that lead to Ana Capri."

"Cospetto!—Thou wilt earn thy ducat speedily at this rate! Tell us at once in miles; was the lugger one, two, six, or twenty miles from your island at the time thou speak'st of?"

"Eccellenza, you bid me speak of the *time*, in the second place, after I had told you of the *where*, in the first place. I wish to do whatever will give you pleasure, S'nore."

"Neighbour Vito Viti," put in the vice-governor, "it may be well to remember that this matter is not to be recorded as you would put on file the confessions of a thief: it may be better to let the honest boatman tell his story in his own way."

"Ay, now the veechy has set to work, I hope we shall get the worth of our ducat," observed Cuffe, in English.

"S'nori," rejoined Raoul, "it shall be just as your eccellenzi say. The lugger you speak of was off the island last evening steering towards Ischia, which place she must have reached in the course of the night, as there was a good land-wind from the twenty-third to the fifth hour."

"This agrees with our account as to the time and place," said Griffin; "but not at all as to the direction the corsair was steering. We hear she was rather rounding the southern cape for the Gulf of Salerno."

Raoul started, and gave thanks mentally that he had come on board, as this statement showed that his enemies had received only too accurate information of his recent movements. He had hopes, however, of being able yet to

change their intentions, and to put them on a wrong scent.

"S'nori," said he, "I should like to know who it is that mistakes south-east for north-west. None of our pilots or boatmen, I should think, could ever make so great a blunder. S'nore, you are an officer, and understand such things; and I will just ask you if Ischia does not lie north-west of Capri."

"Of that fact there can be no manner of doubt," returned Griffin; "it is equally true that the Gulf of Salerno lies south-east of both."

"There, now!" interrupted Raoul, with a well-acted assumption of vulgar triumph; "I knew, your eccellenza, when you came to look into it, would see the folly of saying that a vessel which was standing from Capri towards Ischia was going on any other course than north-west!"

"But this is not the question, *amico*. We all understand the bearings of these islands, which are the bearings of the whole coast down here-away; but the question is, which way the lugger was steering?"

"I thought I had said, eccellenza, that she

was heading across towards Ischia," answered Raoul, with an air of obtuse innocence.

"If it be so, you give an account exactly different from that which has been sent to the admiral by the good bishop of your own island. May I never eat another of his own quails, if I think *he* would deceive us; and it is not easy to suppose a man like him does not know north from south."

Raoul inwardly muttered a malediction on all priests; a class of men, which, rightly enough, he believed to be united in their hostility to France. But it would not do to express this in his assumed character; and he affected to listen, as one of his class ought to give ear, to a fact which came from his spiritual father.

"North from south, eccellenza! Monsignore knows a great deal more than that, if the truth were said; though, I suppose, these noble signori are acquainted with the right reverend father's great infirmity?"

"Not we—none of us, I fancy, ever had the honour to be in his company. Surely, fellow, your bishop is a man of truth?"

"Truth! Yes, eccellenza, so true is he, that

if he were to tell me that the thing I saw myself had not, and could not have, happened, I should rather believe Monsignore than my own eyes. Still, Signori, eyes are *something;* and as the right reverend father has *none*, or, what are as bad as none, for any use they can be in looking at a vessel half a mile off, he may not always see what he thinks he sees. When Monsignore tells us that so and so is Gospel we all believe it; for we know the time has been when he *could* read; but we never think of going to his door to ask which way a ship is steering, having the use of our own senses."

"Can this fellow tell us the truth, Griffin?" asked Cuffe, a good deal mystified by Raoul's artifice, and his assumed simplicity. "If so, we shall be going exactly on the wrong scent by hauling round Campanella and running into the Gulf of Salerno. The French hold Gaeta yet, and it is very likely that Master Yvard may wish to keep a friendly port open under his lee!"

"You forget, Captain Cuffe, that his lordship has sent a light cruiser already up that way; and Le Feu-Follet would hardly dare to show herself near one of our regular fellows."

"Umph! I don't know that, Mr. Griffin; I don't exactly know that. The Proserpine is a 'regular fellow,' after a fashion, at least; and the Few-Folly has dared to show herself to *her*. Jack o'Lantern! D—n me, Griffin, but I think she is well named, now. I'd rather chase a jack o'lantern in the island of Sicily, than be hunting after such a chap; first he's here, then he's there; and, presently, he's nowhere. As for the sloop, she's gone south, at my suggestion, to look into the bays along the Calabrian coast. I told Nelson I wanted another ship; for, just so certain as this Rule—Raw-owl—what the d—l do you call the pirate, Griffin?"

"Raoul, Captain Cuffe; Raoul Yvard is his name. 'Tis thoroughly French. Raoul means Rodolph."

"Well, I told Nelson if this lad should get to dodging round one of the islands, we might as well set about playing 'puss-in-the-corner' by the week, as to think of driving him off the land for a fair chase. He works his boat like a stage-coach turning into an inn-yard!"

"I wonder my lord did not think of this, and give us a sloop or two, to help us."

"Catch Nel. at that! he might send one Englishman to look after two Frenchmen; but he'd never dream of sending two Englishmen to look after one Frenchman."

"But this is not a fighting matter, sir; only a chase, and one Frenchman will run faster than two Englishmen, any day of the week."

"Sa-c-r-r-r-e," muttered Raoul, in a tone which he endeavoured to suppress, and which was inaudible to all ears but those of Andrea Barrofaldi; the vice-governor happening to stand nearer his person just at that moment than any other of the party.

"Very true," answered Cuffe; "but so it is. We are sent alone; and if this Few-Folly gets in between Ischia and Procida, it will be easier to unearth a fox than to drive her out single-handed. As for any more boat-service against her, I suppose you've all had enough of *that?*"

"Why, sir, I rather think the people would be shy," answered Griffin, with a little hesitation of manner, and yet with the directness and simplicity of a truly brave man. "We must let them get over the last brush before they can be much depended on for any new set-to of that sort."

"*Bon!*" muttered Raoul, quite unconscious that he was overheard.

"Nevertheless, we must catch this fellow, if we wear out our shoes in the chase."

All this time Andrea Barrofaldi and Vito Viti were profoundly ignorant of what was passing between the two officers, though Raoul listened eagerly, and well understood every syllable they uttered. Until this moment the vice-governor had been rather indifferent and inattentive as to what occurred; but the two exclamations of Raoul awakened a vague distrust in his mind, which, while it had no direct object, was certainly pregnant with serious consequences to the Frenchman himself. Deep mortification at the manner in which they had been duped by this celebrated privateersman, with a desire to absent themselves from the island until the edge was a little taken off the ridicule which they both felt they merited, blended with certain longings to redeem their characters, by assisting in capturing the corsair, were the reasons why these two worthies, the deputy-governor and the podestà, were now on board the Proserpine. Cuffe had offered them cots in his cabin, and seats at his table, in a moment

of confidence; and the offer was gladly accepted. Andrea had not been on board the ship a day, however, before he became thoroughly convinced of his utter uselessness; a circumstance which added materially to the awkwardness of his situation. Like all well-meaning and simple-minded men, he had a strong wish to be doing; and day and night he ruminated on the means by himself, or discussed them in private dialogues with his friend, the podestà. Vito Viti frankly admonished him to put his faith in Heaven; affirming that something worth while would yet turn up in the cruise to render the enterprise memorable; it being a habit with the magistrate to say an *ave* or two on all trying occasions, and then trust to God.

"You never knew a miracle, vice-governatore," said Vito Viti, one day, when they were discussing the matter by themselves; "you never knew a miracle come to pass, that another was not close on its heels; the first being a mere preparation for the last, and the last always proving to be the most remarkable. Now, when Anina Gotti fell off the cliffs, it was a miracle she didn't break her neck; but,

when she rolled over into the sea, it was a much greater that she wasn't drowned!"

"It is better to leave these things to the Church, neighbour Vito," was the vice-governor's answer; "nor do I see that there has been any miracle in the affair to start with."

"How!—Do you not call it a miracle, Signor Andrea, that two such men as you and I should be deceived, as we were beyond all doubt, by this knave of a French corsair? I look upon it as so great a miracle myself, that it ought to follow, instead of going before, its companion."

To this Andrea made an answer suitable to his greater information, and the discourse took its usual direction towards the means of doing something to relieve the two functionaries from the stigma which they mutually felt now rested on their sagacity; and that, too, as this sagacity might be considered conjointly or individually.

It was probably owing to this fever of the mind that the vice-governor, a man usually so simple and confiding, was now so suspicious and keen-sighted. The presence of Carlo Giuntotardi and Ghita had, at first, struck him as a

little out of the common way; and, though he could not distinguish their faces by the light of the moon, and at the distance at which they were placed in the yawl, he fancied from the first that his old acquaintances were in the boat which the ship was towing. Now Andrea Barrofaldi certainly had never, before that day, connected Ghita or her uncle in any manner with Raoul Yvard; but it was beyond dispute that the mysterious manner in which they disappeared from the island had excited some remarks; and, in his present state of mind, it was not an extraordinary circumstance that he had some distant and vague glimmerings of the truth. But for Raoul's indiscreet exclamations, however, nothing probably would have come of these indistinct fancies; and we are to refer all which followed to those unguarded out-breakings of the Frenchman's humour, rather than to any very clear process of ratiocination on the part of the vice-governor.

Just as Cuffe made the declaration last recorded, Andrea stepped up to the spot where he and Griffin were conversing apart, and whispered a few words in the ear of the latter.

"The d——l!" exclaimed the lieutenant,

in English. "If what the vice-governor tells me be true, Captain Cuffe, the work is half done to our hands!"

"Ay, the veechy is a good fellow at the bottom, Griffin; though he 'll never burn the bay of Naples. What has he to say now?"

Griffin led his captain a little aside, and conferred a moment with him alone. Orders were then passed to the officer of the deck, when Cuffe and his companion went below, like men in a hurry.

CHAPTER VII.

What countryman, I pray?
Of Mantua.
Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life.
Taming of the Shrew.

During the momentous five minutes occupied in these private movements, Raoul affected to be gaping about in vulgar astonishment, examining the guns, rigging, ornaments of the quarter-deck, &c.; though, in truth, nothing which passed among those near him escaped his vigilant attention. He was uneasy at the signs of the times, and now regretted his own temerity; but still he thought his incognito must be impenetrable. Like most persons, who fancy they speak a foreign language well, he was ignorant, too, in how many little things he betrayed himself; the Englishman, *cæteris paribus*, usually pronouncing the Italian better

than the Frenchman, on account of the greater affinity between his native language and that of Italy in what relates to emphasis and sounds. Such was the state of mind of our hero, then, as he got an intimation that the captain of the ship wished to see him below. Raoul observed, as he descended the ladder, to comply with what sounded very much like an order, that he was followed by the two Elban functionaries.

The cabin-lamp was trimmed, and the privateersman found himself under a strong light, as soon as he had crossed the threshold of the apartment. Cuffe and Griffin were standing near the table, where the vice-governor and the podestà took their stations also; giving the whole arrangement a most uncomfortable air of investigation and justice. For an instant, Raoul wished that it was a portion of the Holy Inquisition rather than the tribunal before which he now found himself so unexpectedly arraigned.

"You must be cool," said Griffin, as the other moved slowly up to the table, maintaining the outward signs of steadiness, but cursing in his heart the severe ordeal which he felt he

was undergoing; "do me the favour to put this silk handkerchief about your neck."

"S'nore, your eccellenza is pleased to joke; we men of Capri think little of the nights, at this season of the year; still, as it seems to be your wish, I will honour myself so much."

In that age, a black silk kerchief was the certain mark of a military man. The old-fashioned stock had gone out with all but old-fashioned people, and the new-fashioned substitute did not make its appearance until many years later; the present usage, indeed, having come in from an imitation of the military mania which pervaded Christendom at the close of the last general war. Black around the neck, properly relieved by the white of the linen, was then deemed particularly military; and even in the ordinary dress, such a peculiarity was as certain a sign as the cockade that the wearer bore arms. Raoul knew this, and he felt he was aiding in unmasking himself by complying; but he thought there might be greater danger should he refuse to assume the kerchief.

"Your eccellenza is making a prince of a very humble boatman," said he, when his neck

was fairly enveloped; "and my wife will think some great general is coming when I enter the door."

"To help the delusion, friend, wear this also," continued Griffin, throwing the other one of his own undress uniform coats, his stature and that of Raoul being very nearly the same.

The true state of the case was now becoming somewhat unequivocal; nevertheless, as steadiness and compliance were his only hopes, Raoul did as desired, and stood with all his upper man decorated in an English naval undress uniform, while the nether remained *à la lazzarone.*

"What say you now, vice-governor?" resumed Griffin; "here are lights and the dress?"

"I say that this gentleman has done me the honour of several visits to my poor residence at Porto Ferrájo," returned Andrea; "and that never has he been more welcome than he is at this moment. Signor Smees, you are a great lover of masquerades, and make a carnival of the whole year. I trust your distinguished countryman, Sir Cicero, will have it in his power to convince these brave Inglese that all

is done in pure pleasantry, and without a crime."

"*Messieurs*," said Raoul, stripping himself of his borrowed plumes, "it is too late to feign any longer. *If* I am Raoul Yvard, as you say, I am certainly *not* Le Feu-Follet."

"Of course you are aware, Monsieur," observed Griffin, in French, "that you are a prisoner to His Britannic Majesty?"

"Sa Majesté Britannique has not made a conquest equal to his success at the Nile," returned Raoul, ironically; "but he has me in his hands. It is not the first time that I have had the honour to be a prisoner-of-war, and that, too, in one of his own ships."

"You are not to suppose that such will be your situation now, Monsieur Yvard. We arrest you in a totally different character."

"Not as a friend, I trust, Monsieur; for I protest I have not the smallest claim to the character; as witness a short interview off Porto Ferrajo, and an interesting incident at the mouth of the Golo."

"Your taunts may be spared, sir; fortune favoured you then, we allow; but now we arrest you as a spy."

"*Espion!*" repeated Raoul, starting; "that is an office I never contemplated, Monsieur, on coming on board your ship. You will do me the justice to acknowledge that it was only at your own invitation that I came on deck. 'Twould be an infamy to pretend differently!"

"We will endure the infamy of our acts, Monsieur Yvard. No one accuses you of having come on board the Proserpine as a spy; but when an enemy is found rowing about our fleet, which is anchored in a hostile bay, and this in a disguise like yours, it must be a very scrupulous conscience which hesitates to pronounce him a spy, and liable to the punishment of one."

This was so true, that the unfortunate young man now felt the exceeding delicacy of his situation. In coming into the bay, he had certainly been led by no other intention than to find Ghita; and yet he could not but confess to himself, that he should not have hesitated about profiting, in his public character, by any information incidentally obtained. He had subjected himself to the severest penalties of military law, by yielding to his passion for Ghita; and he could not discover

a single available excuse to plead in mitigation.

"What does the poor devil say, Griffin," asked Cuffe, who felt regret that so brave an enemy should be reduced to so desperate a strait, notwithstanding his determined hostility to all Frenchmen; "do not bear too hard upon him at the first go off. Has he any excuse for his disguise?"

"The usual apology, no doubt, sir—a desire to serve his one and undivided republic! If we should believe all such chaps tell us, Captain Cuffe, we might go home and send deputies to the National Convention; if, indeed, they would do us the favour to admit them to seats."

"Gentlemen," said Raoul, in English, "there is no longer any occasion for an interpreter between us; I speak your language sufficiently well to make myself understood."

"I am sorry for your situation, Mr. Yvard," said Cuffe, "and wish, with all my heart, you had fallen into our hands in open battle, instead of in this irregular way."

"In which case, Monsieur le Capitaine, Le Feu-Follet would have been in your power,

also!" returned Raoul, smiling ironically; "but, messieurs, words are idle now; I am your prisoner, and must take my chance with you. There is no necessity, however, for causing others to suffer for my indiscretion. I shall esteem it a favour, messieurs, if you will let the good people in the boat alongside pull ashore without molestation. It is getting late, and we must now be nearly or quite abeam of the place where they wish to land; which is the Marina Grande of Sorrento."

"Do you wish us to understand that your companions are not French, Monsieur Yvard!"

"*Oui*, Monsieur le Capitaine; there is not a Frenchman among them, I give you my *parole d'honneur*."

"Of that fact, it may be well to satisfy ourselves by an examination, Captain Cuffe," put in Griffin, drily.

"I have sent up to beg Mr. Winchester would get these people on board."

"There is a young woman in the boat, who is unaccustomed to entering ships," interrupted Raoul, hastily, "and I implore your tenderness in her behalf. Let the men come on

board, if you think it necessary; but the signorina can never climb this frigate's sides!"

"We will see to 'that; more especially, Monsieur Yvard, as you appear to be so much interested in the lady's comfort. At present, it will be my duty to put you under a sentry's charge; and that it may be done in a way the least offensive to yourself, your prison, for the night at least, shall be this cabin. Mr. Griffin, give orders to the marine officer accordingly."

In a few minutes, a soldier was introduced into the forward cabin, and Raoul was regularly placed under his charge. Not till then did the officers return to the quarter-deck. All this time, Ithuel, and his companions in the yawl, were left to their own reflections, which were anything but agreeable. Matters had been conducted so quietly in-board, however, that they possessed no clue to what had actually occurred; though Ghita, in particular was full of forebodings and apprehensions. The frigate had towed them along at a rate which, as Raoul had said, had brought them quite abreast of their landing, and within a league of it; and yet she showed no signs of

an intention to abate her speed, nor did any one appear at the gangway to speak to them. At length a hoarse call was heard on deck, and the ship began to shorten sail. Her fore-course was hauled up, and the spanker was brailed; then the royals were clewed up and furled; the top-gallant-sails followed; and presently the Proserpine was reduced to her three top-sails and jib. All this, finished just as Cuffe re-appeared on deck, was done by the watch, and in about five minutes. As soon as sail was thus taken in, the helm was put to port, the ship came up to the wind, on the star-board tack, and the main-topsail was laid to the mast, bringing the yawl under her lee, and close alongside of the ship. This manœuvre was no sooner executed than a seaman ran lightly down the vessel's side and entered the yawl. After examining forward and aft, he called out, "all right, sir," and shoved the boat off to a little distance from the frigate. The yard and stay-tackles fell at the next instant, were overhauled down, and hooked by the man in the boat. The boatswain's mate, in the gangway, piped "haul-taut," and the slack of the tackle was pulled in; then followed

a long steady blow of the call, piping "sway-away," and the boat, with all in her, rose from the water, and ascended as high as the hammock-cloths in the waist, when the stay-tackles took the strain, the yard-tackles "eased-off," and the boat was landed in the waist of the ship as gingerly as if it were made of glass, and as steadily as if it had no more weight than a seaman's hammock. Ghita uttered a faint scream when she found herself rising into the air, and then she hid her face, awaiting the result with dread. As for Carlo Giuntotardi, the movement aroused him a little from his customary apathy, and that was all; whereas Ithuel bethought him seriously of leaping into the water and striking out for the land. He could swim a league, he thought; but there was the certainty of being followed by boats and overtaken; a consideration which effectually curbed his impatience. It is not easy to describe the sensation with which this man found himself once more standing on the deck of his old prison, with the additional danger of being detected and treated as a deserter. It may sound revolting at the present day, to suppose a case in which a foreigner was thrown by

violence into the military service of a nation, and then was put in jeopardy of his life because he used a privilege of nature to fly from such persecution as soon as circumstances placed the means in his power. The last age, however, witnessed many scenes of similar wrongs; and, it is to be feared, in despite of all the mawkish philanthropy, and unmeaning professions of eternal peace which it is now the fashion to array against the experience of mankind, that the next age will present their parallels, unless the good sense of America infuse into the federal legislative bodies juster notions of policy, more extended views of their own duties, and more accurate opinions of the conditions of the several communities of Christendom than has marked their laws and reasoning for the few past months. In a word, the subject of all these tribulations felt an intimate conviction that his rights, legal and moral, would avail him but little on the present occasion. Then a man never does wrong, even in defence of that which is inherently his due, without the secret consciousness that "evil may not be done that good may come of it;" and Ithuel had a certain inward monitor to

remind him that, much as he had in the way of justifiable complaint, he had carried the war into the enemy's country.

The boat had no sooner touched the deck than its cargo was handed out by the boatswain, who, keeping no watch, had not yet turned in; and who was almost as important a functionary on board the Proserpine, as was Vito Viti in the town of Porto Ferrajo. He examined each individual as he or she landed, as he called it; Ghita attracting so much of his attention as completely to eclipse her companions. The soft air and manner of the girl appeared so winning, indeed, by the light of the moon which now fell clear upon the decks, that all near her, including the officers, submitted to very much the same influence.

"So, so, Master Yvard," said Cuffe, in English, "if you do come into an enemy's camp, incog., it is in reasonably good company. That girl is Italian, Winchester; and she even seems modest!"

"Little Ghita!" exclaimed Vito Viti, "as I hope one day to lie in the bosom of Father Abraham! Bellissima Ghita, what has brought thee here, and in such evil company?"

Ghita was in tears; but, uncertain how far Raoul was committed, she struggled for self-command, and did succeed in suppressing emotions which might otherwise have rendered his situation more dangerous. Drying her eyes, she curtsyed to the vice-governor and the podestà, and then answered the question:

"Signori," said she, "it is a relief to meet countrymen and old acquaintances on board this strange ship; and I look to you for protection. I do not call it strange or evil company for an orphan niece to be on the water with her uncle, and one who has ever been a father to her."

"Ah, sure enough, vice-governor, this is Carlo Giuntotardi, the uncle, and the man who dwells so much with the saints, even on earth, that he seldom speaks to a sinner. But thou knowest, little Ghita, that one of thy watermen is no less a person than Raoul Yvard, the wickedest corsair who sails out of France, and the pest and persecution of the whole Italian coast? Did the Church condescend to notice such an unbelieving republican it would be to command all its faithful to unite in their prayers for his destruction."

"Raoul Yvard!" repeated Ghita, with sufficient astonishment in her manner to satisfy any reasonable amount of wonder on the part of the other. "Are you certain, Signor Podestà, of the truth of what you say?"

"As certain as the confession of the party himself can make us."

"Confession, Signore!"

"Sì, bella Ghita; confession — your boatman — your man of Capri — your lazzarone, confesses himself to be neither more nor less than the commander of that worker of iniquity, Le Feu-Follet."

"Does Le Feu-Follet do more than other cruisers of the enemy?" — but Ghita felt she was becoming indiscreet, and she ceased.

"I do believe, Winchester," said Cuffe, "that this is the very girl, and yonder is the very old man, who came into Nelson's cabin to-day with something to say about the poor prince who was executed this afternoon!"

"What could such people have in common with the unfortunate Caraccioli!"

"Sure enough — yet these are the people. The Queen of the fleet—our Lady Admiraless had it all to herself; and what passed between

them in Italian I know no more than if it had been in Greek. She never told *me*, you may rest assured, and, from the look of her eye, I question a good deal if she ever told Nelson."

"I wish to heaven his lordship would cut adrift from his moorings alongside of that craft, Captain Cuffe. I do assure you, sir, the fleet begins to talk loudly on the subject. Was it any other man there'd be the devil to pay about it; but we can all stand a good deal from Nelson and Bronté."

"Well, well; let every man father his own children: you ought to be quiet, Winchester, for he asked very kindly about your hurt to-day, and would have sent you aboard some knick-knack or other for the stomach; but I told him you were all a-tanto again, and at duty. What between his head, and his arm, and his eye, he has become such a hulk himself that he thinks every wounded man a sort of relation. I should not complain, however, if the small-pox could lay hold of that beauty."

"This has been a bad day's work for England, depend on it, Captain Cuffe!"

"Well, if it has, St. Vincent and the Nile were *good* days' work; and we 'll let one balance the other. Inquire of this young woman, Mr. Griffin, if I had not the pleasure of seeing her to-day on board the Foudroyant?"

The question was put as desired, and Ghita quietly, but unhesitatingly, answered in the affirmative.

"Then ask her to explain how she happened to fall into the company of Raoul Yvard?"

"Signori," said Ghita, naturally, for she had nothing to conceal on this point, "we live on Monte Argentaro, where my uncle is the keeper of the Prince's towers. You know we have much to fear from the barbarians along all that coast; and last season, when the peace with France kept the Inglesi at a distance—I know not how it is, signori, but they say the barbarians are always hardest on the enemies of Inghiltera—but, the past season a boat from a rover had seized upon my uncle and myself, and were carrying us off into captivity, when a Frenchman and his lugger rescued us. From that time we became friends; and our friend has often stopped near our towers to

visit us. To-day we found him in a boat by the side of the English admiral's ship; and, as an old acquaintance, he undertook to bring us to the Sorrentine shore, where we are at present staying with my mother's sister."

This was told so naturally as to carry with it the conviction of its truth; and when Griffin had translated it, he did not fail to assure his superior that he would pledge himself for the accuracy of the statement.

"Ay, you young luffs, Griffin, are never backward with your vows *for* or *to* pretty girls," answered Cuffe. "The girl does seem honest, however; and, what is more extraordinary for the company she is in, she seems modest, too. Tell her she shall not be harmed, though we cannot deprive ourselves of the pleasure of her company immediately. She shall have the larboard state-room in my cabin until morning, where she and her uncle may live a great deal more comfortably than in one of their out-of-door Neapolitan rookeries. Monte Argentaro, ha!—That's a bluff just beyond the Roman coast, and it is famously besprinkled with towers—half a dozen of them, at least, within as many miles; and who knows

but this Jack-o'-Lantern may be extinguished some fine morning should we fail of laying our hands on it now!"

"We can hardly fail of the last, Captain Cuffe, having her commander in our possession."

Orders were then given to dispose of the prisoners, leaving the boat on deck. Raoul was sent below, and put in a canvass state-room, the arms having been removed, even to the razors, and a sentinel placed at the door. Escape from such a situation was impossible; and as for self-violence, when *that* point was considered, Cuffe had coolly remarked — "Poor devil; hanged he must be, and if he should be his own executioner, it will save us the discomfort of having a scene on board. I suppose Nelson will order him to our fore-yard-arm as a jewel-block. I don't see why he cannot use a Neapolitan frigate for this job, too; they are good for nothing else."

"I rather think, Captain Cuffe, he will swing on board his own lugger should we succeed in catching her," answered the lieutenant.

"By George, you're right, Griffin, and that's

another inducement for looking out sharp for the Few-Folly. How much better it would have been had we burnt them all in a bunch off the Golo!".

Then followed the arrangement by which the prisoner was put into the gun-room, as mentioned. Ghita and her uncle were shown into the empty cabin state-room, and mattresses were provided on which they might repose. Then the captain and his two guests retired to the after-cabin, whither Griffin was invited to accompany them. Here the captain recollected that there had been a fourth individual in the boat, and he sent an order on deck for him to come down for examination. Ithuel observing the attention of the officers occupied by Ghita and her uncle, had stolen back towards his own yawl, of which he had taken possession, stretching himself out at length, with the apparent design to sleep, but, in reality, to keep himself "out of mind" by "remaining out of sight;" reserving, in petto, an intention to jump overboard, should the ship go near enough to the land to give him a chance for his life, after the moon set. In this situation he was found, aroused from his lair, and led into the cabin.

It has been mentioned that Ithuel would not consent to trust himself near the Proserpine, without disguising his person. Raoul being well provided with all the materials for a masquerade, this had been effected by putting a black curling wig over his own lank sandy hair, colouring his whiskers and eye-brows, and trusting the remainder to the transformation which might be produced by the dress, or rather undress, of a Neapolitan waterman. The greatest obstacle to this arrangement had been a certain queue, which Ithuel habitually wore in a cured eel-skin which he had brought with him from America eight years before, and both of which, "queue and eel-skin," he cherished as relics of better days. Once a week this queue was unbound and combed; but all the remainder of its existence it continued in a solid mass full two feet in length, being as hard and about as thick as a rope an inch in diameter. Now the queue had undergone its hebdomadal combing just an hour before Raoul announced his intention to proceed to Naples in the yawl, and it would have been innovating on the only thing that Ithuel treated with reverence, to undo the

work until another week had completed its round. The queue, therefore, was disposed of under the wig, in the best manner that its shape and solidity would allow.

Ithuel was left in the fore-cabin, and his presence was announced to Cuffe.

"It's no doubt some poor devil belonging to the Few-Folly's crew," observed the English captain, in a rather compassionate manner, "and we can hardly think of stringing *him* up most probably for obeying an order. That would never do, Griffin; so we'll just step out and overhaul his log in French, and send him off to England to a prison-ship by the first return vessel."

As this was said the four in the after-cabin left it together, and stood before this new prisoner. Of course Ithuel understood all that was said in English, while the very idea of being catechised in French threw him into a cold sweat. In this strait the idea suddenly crossed his mind that his greatest security would be in feigning dumbness.

"*Ecoutez, mon ami,*" commenced Griffin, in very respectable English-French, "you are to tell me nothing but the truth, and

it may be all the better for you. You belong to the Feu-Follet of course?"

Ithuel shook his head in strong disgust, and endeavoured to make a sound which he intended to represent a dumb man struggling to utter the word "Napoli."

"What is the fellow after, Griffin?" said Cuffe. "Can it be he doesn't understand French! Try him a touch in Italian, and let us see what he will say to that."

Griffin repeated very much what he had said before, merely changing the language, and received the same gagging sounds for an answer. The gentlemen looked at each other, expressive of their surprise. But unluckily for Ithuel's plan, he had brought with him from the Granite State a certain propensity to pass all the modulations of his voice through his nose; and the effort to make a suppressed sound brought that member more than usually into requisition, thereby producing a certain disagreeable combination which destroyed everything like music that commonly characterizes the Italian words. Now, Andrea had been struck with this peculiarity about the tones of the

American's voice in the interview at Benedetta's wine-house; and the whole connection between Raoul and this singular person being associated in his mind, the truth flashed on him, as it might be, at a glance. His previous success that night had emboldened the worthy vice-governor; and, without any remark, he walked steadily up to Ithuel, removed the wig, and permitted the eel-skin queue to resume its natural position down the back of its owner.

"Ha!—What, veechy!" exclaimed Cuffe, laughing; "you unearth them like so many foxes to-night. Now, Griffin, hang me if I do not think I've seen that chap before! Isn't he the very man we found at the wheel of La Voltigeuse when we boarded her?"

"Lord bless me! Captain Cuffe — no, sir. This fellow is as long as two of that chap — and yet I know the face, too. I wish you'd let me send for one of the young gentlemen, sir; they're worth all the rest of the ship at remembering faces.

The permission was given, and the cabin-steward was sent on deck to desire Mr. Roller, one of the oldest midshipmen, and

who was known to have the watch, to come below.

"Look at this fellow, Mr. Roller," said Griffin, as soon as the youngster had taken his place in the group, "and tell us if you can make anything of him?"

"It's the lazy-rony, sir, we hoisted in a bit ago, when we struck the boat on deck."

"Ay, no doubt of that; but we think we have seen his face before: can *you* make that out?"

Roller now walked round the immovable subject of all these remarks; and he, too, began to think that the singular-looking object was no stranger to him. As soon, however, as he got a sight of the queue, he struck Ithuel a smart slap on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"You're welcome back, my lad; I hope you'll find your berth aloft as much to your mind as it used to be. This is Bolt, Captain Cuffe, the fore-top-man, who ran from us when last in England, was caught and put in a guard-ship, from which they sent us word he stole a boat, and got off with two or three French prisoners who happened to

be there at the moment on some inquiry or other. Don't you remember it all, Mr. Griffin — you may recollect that the fellow pretended to be an American."

Ithuel was now completely exposed, and he at once perceived that his wisest way was to submit. Cuffe's countenance darkened; for he regarded a deserter with a species of professional horror, and the impressed deserter to whose services England had no other right than that of might, with an additional degree of resentment which was very fairly proportioned to the inward consciousness he felt that a great wrong was done in detaining the man at all. There is nothing extraordinary in these feelings; a very common resource, under such circumstances, being to imagine delinquencies which justify us to ourselves by endeavouring to believe that the subject of any act of our oppression at least merits the infliction.

"Do you dare to deny what this young gentleman has just said, sirrah?" demanded the captain. "I now remember you myself; you are Bolt, the fore-top-man, that ran at Plymouth."

"You'd 'a run too, Captain Cuffe, had you been in my place, had the ship been at Jericho."

"Enough — no impudence, sir. Send for the master-at-arms, Mr. Griffin, and have the fellow ironed; to-morrow we'll look into the affair."

These orders were obeyed, and Ithuel was removed to the place where the master-at-arms usually reigns on board ship. Cuffe now gave the lieutenant his *congé*, and then withdrew to the inner-cabin to prepare a despatch for the rear-admiral. He was nearly an hour writing a letter to his mind; but finally succeeded. Its purport was as follows:—He reported the capture of Raoul, explaining the mode and the circumstances under which that celebrated privateers-man had fallen into his hands. He then asked for instructions as to the manner in which he was to dispose of his prisoner. Having communicated this important fact, he ventured some suggestions as to the probable vicinity of the lugger, and the hopes he entertained of being able to find out her precise situation, through the agency of Bolt, whose condition he also explained, hinting

at the same time at the expediency of bringing both delinquents as speedily as possible to trial, as the most certain manner of making them useful in seizing Le Feu-Follet. The letter concluded with an earnest request that another frigate, which was mentioned, her captain being junior to Cuffe, and a fast-sailing sloop which was lying off Naples, might be sent down to assist him in "heading off" the lugger, as he feared that the latter was too swift to be overtaken by the Proserpine alone, more especially in the light winds which prevailed.

When this letter was written, addressed, and sealed, Cuffe went on deck again. It was now nine o'clock, or two bells, and Winchester had the quarter-deck nearly to himself. All was as tranquil and calm on the deck of that fine frigate as a moonlight night, a drowsy watch, a light wind, and smooth water could render things, in a bay like that of Naples. Gleamings of fire were occasionally seen over Vesuvius, but things in that direction looked misty and mysterious, though Capri loomed up dark and grand a few miles to leeward, and Ischia was visible a confused but distant

pile on the lee-bow. An order from Cuffe, however, set every-body in motion. Yard and stay-tackles were overhauled and hooked on, the boatswain's-mate piped the orders, and the first-cutter was hoisted over the waistcloths and lowered into the water. "Away, there, you first-cutters," had been hoarsely called on the berth deck, and the crew were ready to enter the boat by the time the latter was lowered. The masts were stepped, Roller appeared in a pea-jacket to guard against the night air, and Cuffe gave him his instructions.

"Set your sails, and stretch over under the north shore, Mr. Roller," said the captain, who stood in the lee-gangway to give a last word. "You will fetch in about Queen Joan's palace. There, you had better take to your oars and pull up along the land. Remember, sir, to join us by the first ship which comes out; and if none is sent, to come down with the morning breeze in the boat."

Roller gave the customary "Ay, ay, sir;" and the boat shoved off; as soon as from under the lee of the ship the luggs were set; and half an hour later the night had swal-

lowed up her form. Cuffe remained an hour longer, walking the deck with his first-lieutenant; and then, satisfied that the night would prove propitious, he went below, leaving orders to keep the ship lying-to until morning.

As for Roller, he pulled alongside of the Foudroyant just as the bells of the fleet were striking eight, or at midnight. Nelson was still up, writing in his cabin. The despatch was delivered, and then the secretary of the admiral, with a clerk or two, were called from their berths; for nothing lagged that this active-minded man had in charge. Orders were written, copied, signed, and sent to different ships by two o'clock, in order that the morning breeze might not be lost; and then, and not till then, did the *employés* think of rest.

Roller left the flag-ship at two, having eaten a hearty supper in Nelson's own cabin, and repaired on board the Terpsichore, a smart little frigate of thirty-two guns, twelve-pounders, with instructions to her captain to receive him. Two hours later this ship, in company with another still smaller, the

Ringdove, 18, left her anchorage under a cloud of canvass, and stood down the bay, carrying studding-sails on both sides, with a light wind at north-west, heading towards Capri.

CHAPTER VIII.

Speak to the business, Master Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

King Henry VIII.

When the idlers of the Proserpine appeared on deck the following morning, the ship was about a league to windward of Capri, having forged well over towards the north side of the bay during the night, wore round, and got thus far back on the other tack. From the moment light returned look-outs had been aloft with glasses, examining every nook and corner of the bay, in order to ascertain whether any signs of the lugger were to be seen under its bold and picturesque shore. So great is the extent of this beautiful basin, so grand the natural objects which surround it, and so clear the atmosphere, that even the largest ships loom less than usual on its waters; and it

would have been a very possible thing for Le Feu-Follet to anchor near some of the landings, and lie there unnoticed for a week by the fleet above, unless tidings were carried to the latter by observers on the shore.

Cuffe was the last to come on deck, six-bells, or seven o'clock, striking as the occupants of the quarter-deck first lifted their hats to him. He glanced around him, and then turned towards Griffin, who was now officer of the watch.

"I see two ships coming down the bay, Mr. Griffin," said he: "no signals yet, I suppose, sir?"

"Certainly not, sir, or they would have been reported. We make out the frigate to be the Terpsichore, and the sloop I know, by her new royals, is the Ringdove. The first ship, Captain Cuffe, brags of being able to travel faster than anything within the Straits!"

"I 'll bet a month's pay the Few-Folly walks away from her, on a bow-line, ten knots to her nine. If she can do that with the Proserpine, she 'll at least do that with Mistress Terpsichore. There goes a signal from the frigate now, Mr. Griffin, though a conjurer could

hardly read it, tailing directly on as it does. Well, quarter-master, what do you make it out to be?"

"It 's the Terpsichore's number, sir; and the other ship has just made the Ringdove's."

"Show ours, and keep a sharp look-out; there 'll be something else to tell us presently."

In a few minutes the Terpsichore expressed a wish to speak the Proserpine, when Cuffe filled his main-top-sail and hauled close upon a wind. An hour later, the three ships passed within hail of each other, when both the junior commanders lowered their gigs and came on board the Proserpine to report. Roller followed in the first cutter, which had been towed down by the Terpsichore.

The Terpsichore was commanded by Captain Sir Frederick Dashwood, a lively young baronet, who preferred the active life of a sailor to indolence and six thousand a year on shore, and who had been rewarded for his enterprise by promotion and a fast frigate at the early age of two-and-twenty. The Ringdove was under a master-commandant, of the name of Lyon, who was just sixty years old, having worked his way up to his present rank

by dint of long and arduous services, owing his last commission and his command to the accident of having been a first-lieutenant at the battle of Cape St. Vincent. Both these gentlemen appeared simultaneously on the quarter-deck of the Proserpine, where they were duly received by the captain and all the assembled officers.

"Good morrow to you, Cuffe," said Dashwood, giving the other the tip of his fingers, as soon as the ceremonious part of the reception was over; and casting a glance, half-admiring, half-critical, at the appearance of things on deck.—"What has Nelson sent us down here about, this fine morning, and—eh! —how long have you had those brass ornaments on your capstan?"

"They were only put there yesterday, Sir Frederick; a little slush-money did it all."

"Has Nelson seen them? I rather fancy not — they tell me he's as savage as an Arab about knick-knackery, now-a-days. What an awkward job that was yesterday afternoon, by the way, Cuffe!"

"It has been a bad business, and, as an old

Agamemnon, I would give a year's rank that it never had taken place."

"A year's rank!—that 's a great deal; a year would set me back, hard aground alongside of old Lyon, here. I was a lieutenant less than three years since, and couldn't afford half a year. But all you old Agamemnons think as much of your little Nel. as if he were a pretty girl; isn't it true, Lyon?"

"I dare say it may be, Sir Frederick," answered Lyon; "and if you had been the first-lieutenant of a two-decker off Cape St. Vincent on the 14th February, 1797, you would have thought as much of him, too. Here we were only fifteen sail in all,—that is, of vessels of the line—with the wind at—"

"Oh, hang your battle, Lyon, I 've heard all that, at least seventeen times!"

"Well, if ye haave, Sir Frederick," returned Lyon, who was a Scotchman, "it 'll be just once a year since ye war' born, leaving out the time ye war' in the nursery. But we 've not come here to enlighten Captain Cuffe in these particulars, so' much as in obedience to an order of the rear-admiral's—little Nel. as ye 'll be calling him, I suppose, Sir Frederick Dashwood?"

"Nay, it's you old Agamemnons, or old fellows, who gave him that name."

"Ye'll please to excuse me, sir," interrupted Lyon, a little dogmatically: "ye've never heard me call him anything but my lord, since his Majesty, God bless him! was graciously pleased to elevate him to the peerage — nothing but 'my lord,' and the 'rear-admiral;' naval rank being entitled to its privileges even on the throne. Many a king has been a colonel, and I see no disparagement in one being an admiral. Won't ye be thinking, Captain Cuffe, that since my lord is made Duke of Bronté, he is entitled to be called 'Your Grace'?—all the Scottish dukes are so designated, and I see no reason why the rear-admiral should not have his just dues, as well as the best of them."

"Let him alone for that," said Cuffe, laughing; "Nel. will look out for himself, as well as for the king. But, gentlemen, I suppose you have not come down here merely for a morning walk — have I any reports to hear?"

"I beg your pardon, Captain Cuffe, but I was really forgetting my errand," answered Dashwood. "Here are orders for you, and

we are both directed to report to you. The lieutenant who brought the package aboard *me*, said there would be a spy to try and a lugger to catch. Did they tell you anything of this matter, Lyon?"

"No, Sir Frederick; not being inquisitive, I hear but little of what is going on in the fleet. My orders are to report myself and ship to Captain Cuffe, for service, which I have the honour now to do."

"Well, gentlemen, here are further instructions for you. This is an order to hold a court, composed of Captain Richard Cuffe, of the Proserpine, president; Captain Sir Frederick Dashwood, Bart., of the Terpsichore, &c. &c.; and Lyon, Winchester, and Spriggs, your first-lieutenant, Sir Frederick, for the trials of Raoul Yvard, a French citizen, on the charge of being a spy, and Ithuel Bolt, seaman, &c., on the charge of being a deserter. Here is everything in rule, and there are your respective orders, gentlemen."

"Bless me, I 'd no notion of this!" exclaimed Lyon, who was greatly averse to this part of an officer's duty. "I 'd thought it altogether a trial of speed after a Frenchman,

for which purpose, the rear-admiral, or my lord, or his grace, whichever it may be right to call him, had seen fit to bring three of his fastest ships together."

"I wish it was nothing but the last, Captain Lyon; but we have the disagreeable duty of trying a spy and a deserter before us. You will return to your ships, gentlemen, and follow us into an anchorage. I intend to bring up, at a single anchor, under the shore at Capri, where we can lie during the calm, and get through with our courts. The cases will be clear, and not detain us long, and we can send look-outs up on the heights to examine the sea and the coast outside. In the meantime, we must be busy lest we lose the breeze. You will attend to the signal for the court."

At this order the two visitors got into their boats, and the Proserpine again filled. The three vessels now made the best of their way towards the point of destination, anchoring off the town, or village, in the island of Capri, just as two-bells struck. Ten minutes later the Proserpine fired a gun, and ran up the flag which denotes the sitting of a court-martial.

Although it has not been deemed necessary to relate them, the reader will understand that all the details required by the law had been observed as regards these trials, the promptitude of the proceedings being partly characteristic of the decision of the admiral, but more in consequence of a wish to use the charges against the delinquents as a means of seizing the true hero of our tale, the little Feu-Follet. While a mistaken, not to say a mawkish, philanthropy is unsettling so many of the ancient land-marks of society, and, among other heresies, is preaching the doctrine that "the object of punishment is the reformation of the criminal;" it is a truth which all experience confirms, that nothing renders justice so terrible, and consequently so efficient, as its promptitude and certainty. When all its requirements are observed, the speediest exercise of its functions is the most conducive to the protection of society, the real motive for the existence of all human regulations of this nature; and it is a great merit of the much-abused English ordinances that the laws are rarely made stalking-horses for the benefit of the murderer or the forger; but that once fairly tried and convicted, the

expiation of their crimes awaits the offenders with a certainty and energy which leave the impression on the community which punishments were intended to produce. That the American people have done well in liberating themselves from many of their inherited usages and laws, is as certain as that one age has interests different from another, — one set of circumstances governing principles at variance with those which preceded them; but it would be well, also, to remember, that while moral changes are as necessary as physical exercise, there are truths which are eternal, and rules of right and prudence which can never be departed from with impunity.

When the members of the court mentioned assembled in the cabin of the Proserpine, it was with all the forms and exterior observances necessary to command respect. The officers were in full dress, the oaths were administered with solemnity, the table was arranged with taste, and an air of decent gravity reigned over all. Little time, however, was lost unnecessarily, and the officer to whom had been assigned the duty of prévôt-marshal was directed to produce his prisoners.

Raoul Yvard and Ithuel Bolt were brought

into the cabin at the same moment, though they came from different parts of the ship and were allowed to hold no communication with each other. When both were present they were arraigned, and the accusations were read to them. Raoul having admitted his knowledge of English, no interpreter was sworn; but the proceedings were conducted in the usual manner. As it was intended to try the Frenchman first, and Ithuel might be wanted as a witness, the latter was taken out of the cabin again, courts-martial never permitting one witness to hear what another has testified; although an ingenious substitute for ears has been adopted of late, by publishing in the journals, from day to day, whatever passes, when the length of the proceedings will admit of such a device.

"We will now swear the Signor Andrea Barrofaldi," commenced the judge-advocate, as soon as the preliminaries were observed. "This is a Catholic Bible, sir, and I will put the oaths in Italian, if you will have the goodness first to swear me in as an interpreter."

This was done, and then the oath was duly

administered to the vice-governor. Then came a few questions as to the station, country, &c. of the witness, after which, more material matter was inquired into.

"Signor Vice-governatore, do you know the prisoner by sight?" demanded the judge-advocate.

"Sì; I have had the honour to receive him in my residence in the island of Elba."

"Under what name and circumstances was he known to you, Signore?"

"Eh—he called himself Sir Smees, a capitano in the service of the English king."

"What vessel did he pretend to command?"

"Ze Ving-y-Ving—a lugger, which I have since had reason to think is Le Feu-Follet, a corsair under the French flag. Monsieur did me the favour to make two visits to Porto Ferrajo in the character of Sir Smees."

"And you now know that this is Raoul Yvard, the French privateersman you have mentioned?"

"Eh—*know?*—I know they *say* this is the Signore Yvard, and that ze Ving-y-Ving is Le Feu-Follet."

"They *say*, will not do, Signor Barrofaldi.

Can you not say so much of your own knowledge?"

"Non, Signore."

The court was now cleared; when it reopened, Vito Viti was sent for, and properly sworn, his attention being particularly directed to the cross on the back of the book.

"Did you ever see the prisoner before this occasion, Signor Viti?" demanded the judge-advocate, after the preliminary questions had been put.

"Signore, oftener than it is agreeable to remember. I do not think that two grave magistrates were ever more mystified than were the vice-governatore and myself! Eh, Signori, the wisest sometimes become like sucking children when there passes a mist before the understanding."

"Relate the circumstances under which this occurred, to the court, Signor Podestà."

"Why, Signori, the facts were just these. Andrea Barrofaldi, as you know, is the Vice-governatore of Porto Ferrajo, and I am its unworthy podestà. Of course, it is our duty to look into all matters affecting the public weal, and more especially into the business and occu-

pations of strangers who come into our island. Well, it is now three weeks or more since a lugger, or felucca, was seen—"

"Which was it, a felucca, or a lugger?" demanded the judge-advocate, holding his pen ready to write the answer.

"Both, Signore; a felucca and a lugger."

"Ah, there were two; a felucca and a lugger."

"No, Signore, but this felucca was a lugger. Tommaso Tonti wished to mystify me about that, too; but I have not been podestà in a sea-port so many years for nothing. No, Signori, there are all sorts of feluccas—ship-feluccas, brig-feluccas, and lugger-feluccas."

When this answer was translated the members of the court smiled, while Raoul Yvard fairly laughed.

"Well, Signor Podestà," resumed the judge-advocate, "the prisoner came into Porto Ferrajo in a lugger?"

"So it was said, Signore. I did not see him actually on board of her; but he professed to be the commander of a certain vessel, in the service of the King of Inghilterra, called ze Ving-y-Ving, and said that his own name was Smees, sì, il capitano, or Sir Smees."

"Professed?—Do you not know that this lugger was the notorious French privateer, Le Feu-Follet?"

"I know they say so, now, Signori; but the vice-governatore and I supposed her to be ze Ving-y-Ving."

"And do you not know that the prisoner is actually Raoul Yvard—of your own knowledge, I mean?"

"Corpo di Bacco!—How should I know any such thing, Signor Giudeca-avvocato!" exclaimed Vito Viti, who literally translated what he understood to be the title of his interrogator, thereby converting him into a sort of ship-felucca—"how should I know any such thing! I do not keep company with corsairs, except when they come upon our island and call themselves 'Sir Smees.'"

The judge-advocate and the members of the court looked gravely at each other. No one in the least doubted that the prisoner was Raoul Yvard; but it was necessary legally to prove it before he could be condemned. Cuffe was now asked if the prisoner had not confessed his own identity, but no one could say he had done so in terms, although much of his conver-

sation would seem to imply as much. In a word, justice was like to be in what is by no means an unusual dilemma for that upright functionary — viz. unable to show a fact which no one doubted. At length Cuffe recollected Ghita and Ithuel, and he wrote their names on a piece of paper, and passed them down the table to the judge-advocate. The latter nodded his head, as much as to say he understood the president's meaning; and then he told the prisoner he might cross-examine the witness, if he saw fit.

Raoul fully understood his situation. Although he certainly had not entered the bay of Naples with any of the ordinary views of a spy, he was aware how far he had committed himself, and foresaw the readiness with which his enemies would destroy him, could they find the legal means of so doing. He also comprehended the dilemma in which his accusers were placed for the want of testimony, and at once resolved to turn the circumstance as much as possible to his advantage. Until that moment, the idea of denying his own identity had never crossed his mind; but perceiving what he fancied an opening for escape, it was but natural

to avail himself of its protection. Turning, then, to the podestà, he put his questions in English, that they might go fairly through the same process of interpretation as the rest of the examination.

"You say, Signor Podestà," he commenced, "that you saw me in the town of Porto Ferrajo, and in the island of Elba?"

"Sì—in which town I have the honour to be one of the authorities."

"You say I professed to command a vessel in the service of the King of England; a felucca called ze Ving-and-Ving?"

"Sì—ze Ving-y-Ving—the commander of that felucca."

"I understood you to say, Mr. Podestà," put in Lyon, "that the craft was a lugger?"

"A felucca-lugger, Signor Capitano,—nothing more nor less than that, on my honour."

"And all these honourable officers well know," observed Raoul, ironically, "that a felucca-lugger, and a lugger such as Le Feu-Follet is understood to be, are very different things. Now, Signor, you have never heard me say that I am a Frenchman!"

"*Non*—you have not been so weak as to confess that to one who hates the name of the Francese. Cospetto! If all the Grand Duke's subjects detested his enemies as I do, he would be the most powerful prince in Italy!"

"No doubt, Signore; and now suffer me to inquire if you heard any other name for that felucca, than ze Ving-and-Ving? Did I ever call her Le Feu-Follet?"

"*Non*—always ze Ving-y-Ving; never anything else; but—"

"Your pardon, Signore; have the goodness to answer my questions. I called the felucca ze Ving-and-Ving; and I called myself Le Capitaine Smeet; is it not true?"

"Sì—Ving-y-Ving and il capitano Smees—Sir Smees; a signore of an illustrious English family of that name, if I remember right."

Raoul smiled, for he was confident this notion proceeded principally from the self-illusion of the two Italians, themselves; the little he had said on the subject, having been drawn out more by their suggestions than by any design on his part. Still, he did not deem it prudent to contradict the podestà, who as

yet had testified to nothing, which could possibly criminate him.

"If a young man has the vanity to wish to be thought noble," answered Raoul, calmly, "it may prove his folly, but it does not prove him a spy. You did not hear me confess myself a Frenchman, you say; now did you not hear me say I was born in Guernsey?"

"Sì, the Signore did say that the family of Smees came from that island—as the vice-governatore calls it, though I acknowledge I never heard of such an island. There are Sicilia, Sardegna, Elba, Caprea, Ischia, Irlanda, Inghilterra, Scozia, Malta, Capraya, Pianosa, Gorgona, and America, with several more in the east; but I never heard of such an island as Guernsey! Sì, Signore; we are humble people, and I hope modest people in the island of Elba, but we do know something of the rest of the world, notwithstanding. If you wish to hear these matters touched on ingeniously however, you will do well to call in the vice-governatore for half an hour, and invite him to open his stores of knowledge. San Antonio!—I doubt if Italy has his equal — at islands in particular."

"Good," continued Raoul; "and now tell these officers, Signor Podestà, if you can say on your oath that I had anything to do with that felucca ze Ving-and-Ving, at all."

"I cannot, Signore, except from your own words. You were dressed like one of these officers here, in an English uniform, and said you commanded ze Ving-y-Ving. While speaking of islands, Signori, I forgot Palmavola and Ponza, both of which we passed in this ship, on our voyage from Elba."

"Good—it is always well to be particular under oath. Now, Signor Podestà, the result of all your evidence is, that you do not know that the felucca you mention was Le Feu-Follet, that I am a Frenchman even, much less that I am Raoul Yvard, and that I told you I was from Guernsey, and that my name was Jaques Smeet—is it not so?"

"Sì, you did say your name was Giac Smees, and you did not say you were Raoul Yvard. But, signore, I saw you firing your cannon at the boats of this frigate, with French colours flying, and that is some sign of an enemy, as we understand these matters in Porto Ferrajo."

Raoul felt that this was a direct blow; still, it wanted the connecting link to make it testimony.

"But you did not see *me* doing this?—You mean you saw ze Ving-and-Ving in a combat with the frigate's boats."

"Si—that was it—but you told me you were commander of ze Ving-y-Ving."

"Let us understand you," put in the judge-advocate, "is it the intention of the prisoner to deny his being a Frenchman and an enemy?"

"It is my intention, sir, to deny everything that is not proved."

"But your accent—your English—nay, your appearance, show that you are a Frenchman."

"Your pardon, sir. There are many nations that speak French, which are not French, to-day. All along the north frontier of France is French spoken by foreigners—Savoy, and Geneva, and Vaud, also the English have French subjects in the Canadas, besides Guernsey and Jersey. You will not hang a man because his accent is not from London?"

"We shall do you justice, prisoner," ob-

served Cuffe, " and you shall have the benefit of every doubt which makes in your favour. Still it may be well to inform you that the impression of your being a Frenchman and Raoul Yvard is very strong; and if you can show the contrary, you would do well to prove it by direct testimony."

" How will this honourable court expect that to be done? I was taken in a boat last night, and am tried this morning, at a notice as short as that which was given to Caraccioli. Give me time to send for witnesses, and I will prove who and what I am."

This was said coolly, and with the air of a man assured of his own innocence, and it produced a slight effect on his judges; for an appeal to the unvarying principles of right seldom falls unheeded on the ear. Nevertheless, there could be no doubt in the minds of the officers of the Proserpine, in particular, either as to the character of the lugger, or as to that of the prisoner; and men under such circumstances were not likely to allow an enemy who had done them so much injury to escape. The appeal only rendered them more cautious, and more determined to protect

themselves against any charge of unfair proceedings.

"Have you any further questions to put to the witness, prisoner?" inquired the president of the court.

"None at present, sir. We will go on, if you please, gentlemen."

"Call Ithuel Bolt," said the judge-advocate, reading the new witness's name from a list before him.

Raoul started; for the idea of the American's being brought forward in this capacity had never occurred to him. In a minute Ithuel appeared, was sworn, and took his place at the foot of the table.

"Your name is Ithuel Bolt?" observed the judge-advocate, holding his pen in readiness to record the answer.

"So they say aboard here," answered the witness, coolly; "though, for my part, I 've no answer to give to such a question."

"Do you deny your name, sir?"

"I deny nothing—want to say nothing, or to have anything to do with this trial or this ship."

Raoul breathed easier; for to own the truth,

he had not much confidence in Ithuel's constancy or disinterestedness; and he apprehended that he had been purchased with the promise of a pardon for himself.

"You will remember that you are under oath, and may be punished for contumacy on refusing to answer."

"I've some gineral idees of law," answered Ithuel, passing his hand over his queue to make sure that it was right, "for we all do a little at that in Ameriky. I practised some myself, when a young man, though it was only afore a justice-peace. *We* used to hold that a witness needn't answer ag'in himself."

"Is it, then, on account of criminating yourself that you answer thus vaguely?"

"I decline answering that question," answered Ithuel, with an air of dignity.

"Witness, have you any personal knowledge of the prisoner?"

"I decline answering that question, too."

"Do you know anything of such a person as Raoul Yvard?"

"What if I do? I'm a native American, and have a right to form acquaintances in

foreign lands, if I see it 's to my interest, or it 's agreeable to my feelin's."

"Have you never served on board his Majesty's ships?"

"What majesty? — there 's no majesty in Ameriky, as I know, but the majesty of heaven."

"Remember that your answers are all recorded, and may tell against you on some other occasion."

"Not lawfully: a witness can't be made to give answers that tell ag'in himself."

"Certainly, not *made* to do it; still he may *do* it of his own accord."

"Then it 's the duty of the court to put him on his guard: I 've heerd that ag'in and ag'in in Ameriky."

"Did you ever see a vessel called Le Feu-Follet?"

"How in natur' is a mariner to tell all the vessels he may happen to see on the wide ocean?"

"Did you ever serve under the French flag?"

"I decline entering at all into my private affairs. Being free, I 'm free to sarve where I please."

"It is useless to ask this witness any further questions," Cuffe quietly observed. "The man is well known in this ship, and his own trial will most probably take place as soon as this is ended."

The judge-advocate assented, and Ithuel was permitted to withdraw, his contumacy being treated with the indifference which power is apt to exhibit towards weakness. Still there was no legal proof on which to convict the prisoner. No one doubted his guilt, and there were the strongest reasons, short of a downright certainty, for supposing that he commanded the lugger which had so recently fought the boats of the very ship in which the court was sitting; but, notwithstanding, supposition was not the evidence which the laws required; and the recent execution of Caraccioli had made so much conversation that few would condemn without seeing their justification before them. Things were really becoming seriously awkward, and the court was again cleared for the purpose of consultation. In the private discourse which followed, Cuffe stated all which had occurred, the manner in which Raoul had been identified, and the

probabilities, — nay, moral certainties of the case. At the same time he was forced to allow that he possessed no direct evidence that the lugger he had chased was a Frenchman at all, and, least of all, Le Feu-Follet. It is true she had worn the French flag; but she had also worn the English, and the Proserpine had done the same thing. To be sure, the lugger had *fought* under the *drapeau tricolor*, which might be taken as a strong circumstance against her; but it was not absolutely conclusive, for the circumstances might possibly justify deception to the last moment; and he admitted that the frigate herself had *appeared* to fire at the batteries under the same ensign. The case was allowed to be embarrassing; and while no one really doubted the identity of Raoul, those who were behind the curtain greatly feared they might be compelled to adjourn the trial for want of evidence, instead of making an immediate sentence the means of getting possession of the lugger, as had been hoped. When all these points had been sufficiently discussed, and Cuffe had let his brethren into his view of the real state of the case, he pointed out a course which he still trusted would

prove effectual. After a few minutes of further deliberation on this information, the doors were opened, and the court resumed its public sitting as before.

"Let a young woman who is known by the name of Ghita be brought in next," said the judge-advocate, consulting his notes.

Raoul started, and a shade of deep concern passed over his face; but he soon recovered, and seemed unmoved. Ghita and her uncle had been taken from the cabin state-room, and placed below, in order that the private consultations might be perfectly secret, and it was necessary to wait a few minutes until she could be summoned. These past, the door opened, and the girl entered the room. She cast a glance of tender concern at Raoul; but the novelty of her situation, and the awful character of an oath, to one of her sensitive conscience and utter inexperience, soon drew her attention entirely to the scene more immediately before her. The judge-advocate explained the nature of the oath she was required to take, and then he administered it. Had Ghita been taken less by surprise, or had she in the least foreseen the consequences, no human power

could have induced her to submit to be sworn; but, ignorant of all this, she submitted passively, kissing the cross with reverence, and even offering to kneel as she made the solemn protestation. All this was painful to the prisoner, who distinctly foresaw the consequences. Still, so profound was his reverence for Ghita's singleness of heart and mind, that he would not by look or gesture in any manner endeavour to undermine that sacred love of truth which he knew formed the very foundations of her character. She was accordingly sworn, without anything occurring to alarm her affections, or to apprise her of what might be the sad result of the act.

CHAPTER IX.

Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands upon my sword:
Swear by my sword."

Hamlet.

"YOUR name is Ghita," commenced the judge-advocate, examining his memoranda—"Ghita what?"

"Ghita Caraccioli, signore," answered the girl, in a voice so gentle and sweet as to make a friend of every listener.

The name, however, was not heard without producing a general start, and looks of surprise were exchanged among all in the room; most of the officers of the ship who were not on duty being present as spectators.

"Caraccioli!" repeated the judge-advocate, with emphasis. "That is a great name in

Italy. Do you assume to belong to the illustrious house which bears this appellation?"

"Signore, I assume to own nothing which is illustrious, being merely a humble girl who lives with her uncle in the prince's towers on Monte Argentaro."

"How happens it, then, that you bear the distinguished name of Caraccioli, signorina?"

"I dare say, Mr. Medford," observed Cuffe, in English, of course, "that the young woman doesn't know herself whence she got the name. These matters are managed very loosely in Italy."

"Signore," resumed Ghita, earnestly, after waiting respectfully for the captain to get through, "I bear the name of my father, as is usual with children; but it is a name on which a heavy disgrace has fallen so lately as yesterday; *his* father having been a sight for the thousands of Naples to gaze on, as his aged body hung at the yard of one of your ships."

"And do you claim to be the grand-daughter of that unfortunate admiral?"

"So I have been taught to consider myself. May his soul rest in peace, which his foes would not grant to his body! That criminal,

as you doubtless believe him, was my father's father, though few knew it when he was honoured as a prince and a high officer of the king."

A deep silence followed; the singularity of the circumstance, and the air of truth which pervaded the manner of the girl, uniting to produce a profound sensation.

"The admiral had the reputation of being childless," observed Cuffe, in an under-tone. "Doubtless this girl's father has been the consequence of some irregular connection."

"If there has been a promise, or any words of recognition uttered before witnesses," muttered Lyon, "accordin' to the laws of Scotland, issue, and a few pairtenant expressions, will splice a couple as strongly as ye'll be doing it in England before either of the archbishops."

"As this is Italy, it is not probable that the same law rules here. — Remember," addressing himself to Ghita, "you are sworn to tell the truth, the *whole* truth, and nothing but the truth."

Ghita's heart beat violently, and the colour came into her face with the impetuosity of sensitive alarm. She had no knowledge of courts, and the object of the inquiry was un-

known to her. Then followed the triumph of innocence; the purity of her mind, and the quiet of her conscience re-assuring her, by bringing the strong conviction that she had no reason to blush for any sentiment she might happen to entertain.

"Signore," said she, dropping her eyes to the floor, for the gaze of all the court was fastened on her face, "I *am* acquainted with Raoul Yvard, the person you mention; this is he who sits between those two cannon. He *is* a Frenchman, and he *does* command the lugger called the Feu-Follet."

"I knew we should get it all by this witness," exclaimed Cuffe, unable to suppress the relief he felt at obtaining the required testimony.

"You say that you know this of your own knowledge," resumed the judge-advocate.

"Messieurs," said Raoul, rising, "will you grant me leave to speak? This is a cruel scene; and rather than endure it, — rather than give this dear girl the cause for future pain which I know her answers will bring, I ask that you permit her to retire, when I promise to admit all that you can possibly prove by her means."

A short consultation followed, then Ghita was told to withdraw: but the girl had taken the alarm from the countenance of Raoul, although she did not understand what had passed in English, and she was reluctant to quit the place in ignorance.

"Have I said aught to injure thee, Raoul?" she anxiously asked. "I was sworn on the Word of God, and by the sacred cross: had I foreseen any harm to thee, the power of England would not have made me take so solemn an oath, and then I might have been silent."

"It matters not, dearest, the fact must come out in some way or other, and in due time you shall know all. — And now, Messieurs," (the door closing on Ghita,) "there need be no further concealment between us: I am Raoul Yvard, the person you take me for, and the person whom some of you must well know me to be. I fought your boats, Monsieur Cuffe, avoided your *brulôt*, and led you a merry chase round Elba. I deceived the Signor Barrofaldi and his friend the podestà, and all for love of this beautiful and modest girl who has just left the cabin, — no other motive having

carried me into Porto Ferrajo, or into this Bay of Naples, on the honour of a Frenchman!"

"Umph!" muttered Lyon. "It must be admitted, Sir Frederick, that the prisoner appeals to a most eligible standard."

On another occasion, national antipathy and national prejudice might have caused the rest of the court to smile at this sally; but there was an earnestness and sincerity in the manner and countenance of Raoul, which, if they did not command entire belief, at least commanded respect. It was impossible to deride such a man; and long-cherished antipathies were rebuked by his spirited and manly declarations.

"There will be no further occasion for witnesses, Mr. Judge-advocate, if the prisoner be disposed to acknowledge the whole truth," observed Cuffe. "It is proper, however, Monsieur Yvard, to apprise you of the possible consequences. You are on trial for your life, the charge being that of coming on board an English ship in disguise, or rather into the centre of an English fleet, you being an alien enemy, engaged in carrying on open warfare against his Majesty."

"I am a Frenchman, Monsieur, and I serve my country," answered Raoul, with dignity.

"Your right to serve your country no one will dispute; but you must know that it is against the laws of civilized warfare to act the part of a spy. You are now on your guard, and will decide for yourself. If you have anything to say we will hear it."

"Messieurs, there is little more to be said," answered Raoul. "That I am *your* enemy, as I am of all those who seek the downfall of France, I do not deny. You know *who* I am, and *what* I am,—and I have no excuses to make for being either. As brave Englishmen you will know how to allow for the love which a Frenchman bears his country. As for coming on board this ship, you cannot bring that as a charge against me, since it was at your own invitation I did it. The rights of hospitality are as sacred as they are general."

The members of the court exchanged significant glances with each other, and there was a pause of more than a minute. Then the judge-advocate resumed his duties, by saying—

"I wish you to understand, prisoner, the precise legal effect of your admissions; then I

wish them to be made formally and deliberately; else we must proceed to the examination of other witnesses. You are said to be Raoul Yvard, an alien enemy, in arms against the king."

"Monsieur, this I have already admitted; it cannot honourably be denied."

"You are accused of coming on board his Majesty's ship Proserpine disguised, and of calling yourself a boatman of Capri, when you were Raoul Yvard, an alien enemy, bearing arms against the king."

"This is all true; but I was invited on board the ship, as I have just stated."

"You are furthermore accused of rowing in among the ships of his Majesty, now lying in the Bay of Naples, and which ships are under the orders of Rear-admiral Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronté, in Sicily, you being in the same disguise, though an alien enemy, with the intent to make your observations as a spy, and doubtless to avail yourself of information thus obtained, to the injury of his Majesty's subjects, and to your own advantage and that of the nation you serve."

"Monsieur, this is not so—*parole d'honneur*,

I went into the bay in search of Ghita Caraccioli, who has my whole heart, and whom I would persuade to become my wife. Nothing else carried me into the bay; and I wore this dress because I might otherwise have been known and arrested."

"This is an important fact, if you can prove it; for, though it might not technically acquit you, it would have its effect on the commander-in-chief, when he comes to decide on the sentence of this court."

Raoul hesitated. He did not doubt that Ghita, she whose testimony had just proved so serious a matter against him, would testify that she *believed* such was alone his motive; and this, too, in a way, and with corroborative circumstances which would carry weight with them: more particularly as she could testify that he had done the same thing before in the Island of Elba, and was even in the practice of paying her flying visits at Monte Argentaro. Nevertheless Raoul felt a strong reluctance to have Ghita again brought before the court. With the jealous sensitiveness of true love, he was averse to subjecting its object to the gaze and comments of the rude of his own sex; then

he knew his power over the feelings of the girl, and had too much sensibility not to enter into all the considerations which might influence a man on a point so delicate; and he could not relish the idea of publicly laying bare feelings which he wished to be as sacred to others as were to himself.

"Can you prove what you have just averred, Raoul Yvard?" demanded the judge-advocate.

"Monsieur, I fear it will not be in my power. There is one—but—I much fear it will not be in my power—unless, indeed, I am permitted to examine my companion; he who has already been before you."

"You mean Ithuel Bolt, I presume. He has not yet been regularly before us, but you can produce him, or any other witness; the court reserving to itself the right to decide afterwards on the merit of the testimony."

"Then, Monsieur, I could wish to have Etoo-ell here."

The necessary directions were given, and Ithuel soon stood in the presence of his judges. The oath was tendered, and Ithuel took it like a man who had done such things before.

"Your name is Ithuel Bolt?" commenced the judge-advocate.

"So they call me on board this ship; but if I am to be a witness, let me swear freely; I don't wish to have words put into my mouth, or idees chained to me with iron."

As this was said, Ithuel raised his arms, and exhibited his handcuffs, which the master-at-arms had refused to remove, and the officers of the court had overlooked. A reproachful glance from Cuffe, and a whisper from Yelverton, disposed of the difficulty—Ithuel was released.

"Now I can answer more conscientiously," continued the witness, grinning sardonically; "when iron is eating into the flesh a man is apt to swear to what he thinks will be most agreeable to his masters. Go on,'squire, if you have anything to say."

"You appear to be an Englishman."

"Do I? Then I appear to be what I am not. I'm a native of the Granite State, in North America. My fathers went to that region in times long gone by, to uphold their religious idees. The whole country thereabouts sets onaccountable store by their privileges."

"Do you know the prisoner, Ithuel Bolt,—the person who is called Raoul Yvard?"

Ithuel was a little at a loss exactly how to answer this question. Notwithstanding the high motive which had led his fathers into the wilderness, and his own peculiar estimate of his religious advantages, an oath had got to be a sort of convertible obligation with him ever since the day he had his first connection with a custom-house. A man who had sworn to so many false invoices was not likely to stick at a trifle in order to serve a friend; still, by denying the acquaintance, he might bring discredit on himself, and thus put it out of his power to be of use to Raoul on some more material point. As between himself and the Frenchman there existed a remarkable moral discrepancy; for while he who prided himself on his religious ancestry and pious education had a singularly pliable conscience, Raoul, almost an Atheist in opinion, would have scorned a simple lie, when placed in a situation which touched his honour. In the way of warlike artifices, few men were more subtle, or loved to practice them oftener than Raoul Yvard; but the mask aside, or when he fell back on his

own native dignity of mind, death itself could not have extorted an equivocation from him. On the other hand, Ithuel had an affection for a lie, more especially if it served himself or injured his enemy, finding a mode of reconciling all this to his spirituality, which is somewhat peculiar to fanaticism as it begins to grow threadbare. On the present occasion, he was ready to say whatever he thought would most conform to his shipmate's wishes, and luckily he construed the expression of the other's countenance aright.

"I *do* know the prisoner, as you call him, 'squire," Ithuel answered, after the pause that was necessary to come to his conclusion—"I *do* know him *well;* and a master-crittur he is, when he fairly gets into a current of your English trade. Had there been a Rule Yvard on board each of the Frenchmen at the Nile, over there, in Egypt, Nelson would have found that his letter stood in need of some post-cripts, I guess."

"Confine your answers, witness, to the purport of the question," put in Cuffe, with dignity.

Ithuel stood too much in habitual awe of the

captain of his old ship to venture on an answer; but if looks could have done harm, that important functionary would not have escaped altogether uninjured. As he said nothing, the examination proceeded.

"You know him to be Raoul Yvard, the commander of the French privateer lugger, Le Feu-Follet?" continued the judge-advocate, deeming it prudent to fortify his record of the prisoner's confession of identity with a little collateral evidence.

"Why—I *some* think—" answered Ithuel, with a peculiar provincialism which had a good deal of Granite in it, "that is, I kind o' conclude—" (catching an assent from Raoul's eye,) "oh! yes—of *that*, there isn't the smallest mite of doubt in the world. He's the captain of the lugger, and a right down good one he is!"

"You were with him in disguise when he came into the Bay of Naples yesterday?"

"I in disguise, 'squire!—What have I got to disguise? I am an American of different callings, all of which I practyse as convenience demands; being a neutral, I've no need of disguises to go anywhere. I am never dis-

guised, except when my jib is a little bowsed up; and that, you know, is a come-over which befals most sea-faring men at times."

"You need answer nothing concerning yourself which will tend to criminate you. Do you know with what inducement, or on what business, Raoul Yvard came into the Bay of Naples yesterday?"

"To own to you the candid truth, 'squire, I do not," answered Ithuel, simply; for the nature of the tie which bound the young Frenchman so closely to Ghita was a profound mystery, in all which related to its more sacred feelings, to a being generally so obtuse on matters of pure sentiment.

"Captain Rule is a good deal given to prying about on the coast, and what particular eend he had in view in this expedition I cannot tell you. His ar'n'ds in-shore, I must own, be sometimes onaccountable! — witness the island of Elby, gentlemen."

Ithuel indulged in a small laugh as he made this allusion, for, in his own way, he had a humour in which he occasionally indulged, after a manner which belonged to the class of which he was a conspicuous member.

"Never mind what occurred at Elba. Prisoner, do you wish to question the witness?"

"Etuelle," asked Raoul, "do you not know that I love Ghita Caraccioli?"

"Why, Captain Rule, I know you *think* so, and *say* so; but I set down all these matters as somewhat various and onaccountable."

"Have I not often landed on the enemy's coast solely to see her and to be near her?"

By this time Ithuel, who was a little puzzled at first to understand what it all meant, had got his cue, and no witness could have acquitted himself better than he did from that moment.

"That you have," he answered, "a hundred times, at least, and right in the teeth of my advice."

"Was not my sole object in coming into the Bay yesterday to find Ghita, and Ghita only?"

"Just so. Of that, gentlemen, there can be no more question than there is about Vesuvius standing up at the head of the Bay, smoking like a brick-kiln. That *was* Captain Rule's sole ar'n'd."

"I just understood ye to say, witness," put

in Lyon, " and that only a bit since, that ye did not know the prisoner's motive in coming into the Bay of Naples: — ye called his behaviour unaccountable."

" Very true, sir, and so it is to *me*. I know'd all along that *love* was at the bottom of it; but *I* don't call love a *motive*, while I do call it *onaccountable*. That 's the explanation on 't. Yes, I know'd it was *love* for Miss Gyty, — but then that 's not a motive in law."

" Answer to the facts; the court will judge of the motive for itself. How do you know that love for the young woman you mention was Raoul Yvard's only object in coming into the Bay?"

" One finds out such things by keeping company with a man. Captain Rule went first to look for the young woman up on the mountain yonder, where her aunt lives, and I went with him to talk English, if it got to be necessary; and not finding Gyty at home, we got a boat and followed her over to Naples. Thus, you see, sir, that I have reason to know what craft he was in chase of the whole time."

As all this was strictly true, Ithuel related it naturally, and in a way to gain some credit.

"You say you accompanied Raoul Yvard, witness, on a visit to the aunt of the young woman called Ghita Caraccioli," observed Cuffe in a careless way, which was intended to entrap Ithuel into an unwary answer,—"where did you go from when you set out on your journey?"

"That would depend on the place one kept his reckoning from, and the time of starting. Now, *I* might say I started from Ameriky, which part of the world I left some years' since; or I might say from Nantes, the port in which we fitted for sea. As for Captain Rule, he would probably say Nantes."

"In what manner did you come from Nantes?" continued Cuffe, without betraying resentment at an answer which might be deemed impertinent, — or surprise, as if he found it difficult to comprehend. "You did not make the journey on horseback, I should think?"

"Oh! I begin to understand you, Captain Cuffe. Why, if the truth must be said, we came in the lugger, the Few-Folly."

"I supposed as much. And when you went to visit this aunt, where did you leave the lugger?"

"We didn't leave her at all, sir: being under her canvass, our feet were no sooner in the boat, and the line cast off, than she left us as if we had been stuck up like a tree on dry ground."

"Where did this happen?"

"Afloat, of course, Captain Cuffe; such a thing would hardly come to pass ashore."

"All that I understand. But you say that the prisoner left his vessel in order to visit an aunt of the young woman; thence he went into the Bay for the sole purpose of finding the young woman herself. Now, this is an important fact, as it concerns the prisoner's motives, and may affect his life. The court must act with all the facts before it: as a commencement, tell us where Raoul Yvard left his lugger, to go on yonder head-land."

"I do not think, Captain Cuffe, you've got the story exactly right. Captain Rule didn't go on the mountain, after all, so much to see the aunt as to see the niece at the aunt's dwelling; if one would end right in a story he must begin right."

"I left Le Feu-Follet, Monsieur le Capitaine," observed Raoul calmly, "not two cables'

length from the very spot where your own ship is now lying; but it was at an hour of the night when the good people of Capri were asleep, and they knew nothing of our visit. You see the lugger is no longer here."

"And do you confirm this story under the solemnity of your oath?" demanded Cuffe of Ithuel, little imagining how easy it was to the witness to confirm anything he saw fit in the way he mentioned.

"Sartain; every word is true, gentlemen," answered Ithuel. "It was not more than a cable's length from this very spot, according to my judgment."

"And where is the lugger now?" asked Cuffe, betraying the drift of all his questions in his eagerness to learn more.

Ithuel was not to be led on so hurriedly, or so blindly. Affecting a girlish sort of coyness, he answered, simpering,

"Why, Captain Cuffe, I cannot think of answering a question like that under the solemnity of an oath, as you call it. No one can know where the little Folly is, but them that 's in her."

Cuffe was a little disconcerted at the answer,

while Lyon smiled ironically; the latter then took upon himself the office of cross-examining, with an opinion of his own penetration and shrewdness which at least ought to have made him quite equal to encountering one of Ithuel's readiness in subterfuges.

"We do not expect you to tell us of your own knowledge, witness," said he, "precisely the position, by latitude and longitude, or by the points of the compass, at this identical instant, of the craft called by some the Few-Folly, by others the Few-Follay, and as it would now seem, by yourself the Little Folly; for that, as ye 've well obsairved, can be known only to those who are actually on board her; but ye'll be remembering perhaps the place it was agreed on between you where ye were to find the lugger at your return from this hazardous expedition, which ye 've been making amang ye, into the Bay of Naples?"

"I object to that question as contrary to law," put in Ithuel, with a spirit and promptitude which caused the judge-advocate to start, and the members of the court to look at each other in surprise.

"Nay, if ye object to the question on the

ground that a true ainswer will be criminating yersel', ye'll be justified in so doing by reason and propriety; but then ye 'll consider well the consequences it may have on your own case, when that comes to be investigated."

"I object on gin'ral principles," said Ithuel. "Whatever Captain Rule may have said on the subject, admitting that he said anything just to bear out the argument, admitting, *I* say, that *he* said anything on the subject, it cannot be testimony, as *hear*say evidence is ag'in law all the world over."

The members of the court looked at the Judge-advocate, who returned the glance with an air of suitable gravity; then, on a motion of Sir Frederick, the court was cleared, to discuss the point in private.

"How 's this, Mr. Judge-advocate!" demanded Cuffe, as soon as the coast was clear; "it is of the last importance to find where that lugger is. Do you hold that the question is contrary to law?"

"Its importance makes it pertinent, I think, sir; as for the legality, I do not see how it can be affected by the circumstance that the fact came up in discourse."

"D' ye think so?" observed Sir Frederick, looking much more profound than was his wont. "Legality is the boast of English law, and I should dislike excessively to fail in that great essential. What is *said*, must be *heard*, to be *repeated;* and this seems very like *hearsay* testimony. I believe it 's admitted all round we must reject *that*."

"What is your opinion, Captain Lyon?" demanded the president.

"The case is somewhat knotty, but it may be untied," returned the Scot, with a sneer on his hard features. "No need of Alexander and his sword to cut the rope, I 'm thinking, when we bring common sense to bear on the point. What is the matter to be ascertained? —Why, the place which was agreed on as the point of rendezvous between this Rawl Eevart and his people. Now, this arrangement must have been made orally, or in writing; if orally testimony to the words uttered will not be hearsay, farther than testimony to what a man has seen will be eyesight."

"Quite true, Mr. President and gentlemen!" exclaimed the Judge-advocate, who was not a little relieved at finding a clue to lead him

out of the difficulty. "If the agreement had been made in writing, then that writing would have to be produced, if possible, as the best evidence the case affords; but being made in words those words can be sworn to."

Cuffe was much relieved by this opinion, and as Sir Frederick did not seem disposed to push his dissent very far, the matter would have been determined on the spot; but for a love of disputation which formed part and parcel, to speak legally on a legal subject, of Lyon's moral temperament.

"I 'm agreeing with the Judge-advocate, as to his distinction about the admissibility of the testimony on the ground of its not being technically what is called hearsay evidence," he observed; "but a difficulty suggests itself to my mind touching the pairtenency. A witness is sworn to speak to the point before the court; but he is not sworn to discuss all things in heaven and airth. Now, is it pairtenent to the fact of Rawl Eevart's being a spy, that he made sairtain agreements to meet this or that fellow-creature, in this or that place? Now, as I comprehend the law, it divides all questions into two great classes—the pairtenent,

and the impairtenent, of which the first are legal, and the second illegal."

"I think it would be a great piece of audacity," said Sir Frederick, disdainfully, "for such a fellow as this Bolt, to pretend to call any question we can put to him, impertinent!"

"That's no just the p'int, Sir Frederick, this being altogether a matter of law, while ye'll be thinking of station and etiquette. Then, there's two classes of the pairtenent, and two of the impairtenent: one being legal and logical, as it might be, and the other conventional and civil, as one may say. There's a nice distinction, latent, between the two."

"I believe the court is of opinion that the question may be put," observed Cuffe, who was impatient of the Scotchman's subtleties, bowing to Sir Frederick, to ask an acquiescence which he immediately received. "We will re-open the doors, and proceed in the examination."

"The court is of opinion, witness," resumed the Judge-advocate, when every one was in his place again, "that you must answer the question. In order that you may understand it, I will now repeat it. Where was it agreed

between Raoul Yvard and his people that they should meet again?"

"I do not think the people of the lugger had anything to say in the matter," answered Ithuel, in the most unmoved manner. "If they had I knew nothing on 't."

The court felt embarrassed; but as it would never do to be thwarted in this manner, a look of determination was exchanged between the members, and the examination proceeded.

"If not the people the officers, then? Where was it agreed between the prisoner and his *officers*, that the former should find the lugger when he returned from his expedition into the Bay?"

"Well now, gentlemen," answered Ithuel, turning his quid from one cheek into the other, "I *some* conclude you 've no great acquaintance with Captain Rule a'ter all! He is not apt to enter into any agreements at all. What he wants done, he orders; and what he orders, must be done."

"What did he *order*, then, as respects the place where the lugger was to wait for his return?"

"I 'm sorry to be troublesome, please the

court," returned the witness, with admirable self-possession; "but law is law, all over the world, and I rather guess this question is ag'in it. In the Granite State, it is always held that when a thing can be proved by the person who said any particular words that the question must be put to him and not to a by-stander."

"Not if that person is a prisoner, and on his trial," answered the Judge-advocate, staring to hear such a distinction from such a source; "though the remark is a good one, in the cases of witnesses, purely. You must answer, therefore."

"It is unnecessary," again interposed Raoul; "I left my vessel here, where I have told you, and had I made a certain signal last night from the heights of St. Agata, Le Feu-Follet would have stood in, near to the rocks of the Sirens, and taken me off again. As the hour is passed, and the signal is not likely to be made, it is probable my lieutenant has gone to another rendezvous, of which the witness knows nothing, and which, certainly, I shall never betray."

There was so much manliness and quiet

dignity in Raoul's deportment, that whatever he said made an impression. His answer disposed of the matter, for the moment at least. The Judge-advocate accordingly turned to other inquiries. Little remained, however, to be done. The prisoner had admitted his identity; his capture, with all the attendant circumstances, were in proof, and his defence came next.

When Raoul rose to speak, he felt a choking emotion; but it soon left him, and he commenced in a steady, calm tone, his accent giving point and interest to many of his expressions.

"Messieurs," said he, "I will not deny my name, my character, or my manner of life. I am a Frenchman, and the enemy of your country. I am also the enemy of the King of Naples, in whose territories you found me. I have destroyed his and your ships. Put me on board my lugger and I should do both again. Whoever is the enemy of la France, is the enemy of Raoul Yvard. Honourable seamen like yourselves, Messieurs, can understand this. I am young. My heart is not made of rock; evil as it may be it can love

beauty, and modesty, and virtue in the other sex. Such has been my fate—I love Ghita Caraccioli; have endeavoured to make her my wife for more than a year. She has not authorized me to say that my suit was favoured —this I must acknowledge; but she is not the less admirable for that. We differ in our opinions of religion, and I fear she left Monte Argentaro, because, refusing my hand, she thought it better perhaps that we should not meet again. It is so with maidens, as you must know, Messieurs. But it is not usual for us, who are less refined, to submit to such self-denial. I learned whither Ghita had come, and followed; her beauty was a magnet which drew my heart after it, as our needles are drawn towards the pole. It was necessary to go into the Bay of Naples, among the vessels of enemies, to find her I loved: and this is a very different thing from engaging in the pitiful attempts of a spy. Which of you would not have done the same, Messieurs? You are *braves Anglais*, and I know you would not hesitate. Two of you are still youthful like myself, and must still feel the power of beauty; even the Monsieur who is no longer

a young man, has had his moments of passion, like all who are born of woman. Messieurs I have no more to say; you know the rest. If you condemn me, let it be as an unfortunate Frenchman, whose heart had its weaknesses—not as an ignominious and treacherous spy.".

The earnestness and nature with which Raoul spoke, were not without effect. Could Sir Frederick have had his way the prisoner would have been acquitted on the spot. But Lyon was sceptical as to the story of love, a sentiment about which he knew very little; and there was a spirit of opposition in him, too, which generally induced him to take the converse of most propositions which were started. The prisoner was dismissed, and the court closed its doors, to make up its decision by itself in the usual form.

We should do injustice to Cuffe if we did not say that he had some feeling in favour of the gallant foe who had so often foiled him. Could he have had his will at that moment, he would have given Raoul his lugger, allowed the latter a sufficient start, and then gladly have commenced a chase round the Mediterranean, to settle all questions between them. But it

was too much to give up the lugger, as well as the prisoner. Then his oath as a judge had its obligations also, and he felt himself bound to yield to the arguments of the Judge-advocate, who was a man of technicalities, and thought no more of sentiment than Lyon himself..

The result of the deliberation, which lasted an hour, was a finding against the prisoner. The court was opened, the record made up and read, the offender introduced, and the judgment delivered. The finding was "that Raoul Yvard had been caught in disguise in the midst of the allied fleets, and that he was guilty as a spy." The sentence was that he should suffer death the succeeding day, by hanging at the yard-arm of such ship as the commander-in-chief might select, on approving of the sentence.

As Raoul expected little else, he heard his doom with steadiness, bowing with dignity and courtesy to the court, as he was led away to be placed in irons, as befitted one condemned.

CHAPTER X.

The world 's all title-page ; there 's no contents ;
The world 's all face ; the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorned.
Night Thoughts.

Bolt had not been tried. His case had several serious difficulties, and the orders allowed of a discretion. The punishment could scarcely be less than death; and, in addition to the loss of a stout, sinewy man, it involved questions of natural right which were not always pleasant to be considered. Although the impressment of American seamen into the British ships of war was probably one of the most serious moral, as well as political wrongs one independent nation ever received at the hands of another, viewed as a practice of a generation's continuance, it was not wholly without some relieving points. A portion of the British marine disdained to practise it at all, leaving it

to the coarser spirits of the profession to discharge a duty which they themselves found repugnant to their feelings and their habits. Thus we remember to have heard an American seaman say, (one who had been present on many occasions when his countrymen were torn from under their flag,) that in no instance he ever witnessed was the officer who committed the wrong of an air and manner which he should describe as belonging to the class of gentlemen on shore. Whenever one of the latter boarded his vessel, the crew was permitted to pass unquestioned.

Let this be as it might, there is no question that a strong and generous feeling existed in the breasts of hundreds in the British navy, concerning the nature of the wrong done a foreign people by the practice of impressing men from under their flag. Although Cuffe was too much of a martinet to carry his notions on the subject to a very refined point, he was too much of a man not to be reluctant to punish another for doing what he felt he would have done himself under similar circumstances, and what he could not but know he would have had a perfect right to do. It was

impossible to mistake one like Ithuel, who had so many of the Granite peculiarities about him, for anything but what he was; and so well was his national character established in the ship, that the *sobriquet* of The Yankee had been applied to him by his shipmates from the very first. The fact, therefore, stood him so far in hand, that Cuffe, after a consultation with Winchester, determined not to put the alleged deserter on trial; but after letting him remain a short time in irons, to turn him to duty again, under a pretence often used on such occasions, viz., to give the man an opportunity of proving his American birth, if he were really what he so strenuously professed to be. Poor Ithuel was not the only one who was condemned to this equivocal servitude, hundreds passing weary years of probation with the same dim ray of hope, for ever deferred, gleaming in the distance. It was determined, however, not to put Ithuel on his trial until the captain had conversed with the admiral on the subject, at least; and Nelson, removed from the influence of the siren by whom he was enthralled, was a man inclined to leniency, and of even chivalrous notions of jus-

tice. To such contradictions is even a great mind subject when it loses sight of the polar star of its duties!

When the sentence on Raoul was pronounced, therefore, and the prisoner was removed, the court adjourned, a boat being immediately despatched to the Foudroyant with a copy of the proceedings for the rear-admiral's approbation. Then followed a discussion on much the most interesting topic for them all, — the probable position of, and the means of capturing, the lugger. That Le Feu-Follet was near, all were convinced; but where she was to be found it was hard to tell. Officers had been sent on the heights of Capri, one of which towers more than a thousand feet above the sea; but they returned from a bootless errand. Nothing resembling the lugger was visible in the offing, among the islands, or in the bays. A cutter had been sent to look round Campanella, and another crossed the mouth of the bay, to take a look to the northward of Ischia, in order to make certain that the treacherous craft had not gone behind the mountains of that island for a refuge. In short, no expedient likely to discover the fugitive

was neglected. All failed, however; boat after boat came back without success, and officer after officer returned wearied and disappointed.

Much of the day was passed in this manner, for it was a calm, and moving either of the ships was out of the question. In the full expectation of discovering the lugger somewhere in striking distance, Cuffe had even gone so far as to detail a party from each vessel, with a view to attack her in boats again, feeling no doubt of success now that he had the disposable force of three vessels to send against his enemy. Winchester was to have commanded, as a right purchased by his blood; nor was the hope of succeeding in this way abandoned until the last boat, that which had been sent round Ischia, returned, and reported its total want of success.

"I have heard it said," observed Cuffe, as he and his brother captains stood conversing together on the quarter-deck of the Proserpine, just after this last report had been made, —"I have heard it said that this Raoul Yvard has actually gone boldly into several of our ports under English or neutral colours, and lain there a day or two at a time un-

suspected, until it has suited him to go out again. Can it be possible that he is up off the town? There is such a fleet of craft in and about the mole, that a little lugger, with her paint and marks altered, *might* be among them. What think you, Lyon?"

"It is sairtainly a law of Nature, Captain Cuffe, that smaller objects should be overlooked in the presence of greater, and such a thing *might* happen, therefore; though I should place it among the improbables, if not absolutely among the impossibles. 'T would be far safer, nevertheless, to run in, in the manner you designate, among a hundred or two of ships, than to venture alone into a haven or a roadstead. If you wish for retirement, Sir Frederick, plunge at once into the Strand, or take lodgings on Ludgate Hill; but if you wish to be noticed and chased, go into a Highland village, and just conceal your name for a bit. Ah! he knows the difference well who has tried both modes of life!"

"This is true, Cuffe," observed the baronet; "and yet I hardly think a Frenchman, big or little, would be apt to come and anchor under Nelson's nose."

"'Twould be something like the lion's lying down with the lamb, certainly, and ought not to be counted on as very likely. Mr. Winchester, is not that our boat coming round the sloop's quarter?"

"Yes, sir; she has got back from Naples. Quarter-master —"

"Ay, quarter-master," interrupted Cuffe, sternly; "a pretty look-out is this! Here is our own boat close in upon us, and not a word from your lips on the interesting subject, sir!"

This word *sir* is much used on board a man-of-war, and in all its convertible significations. From the inferior to the superior it comes as natural as if it were a gift from above; from equal to equal it has a ceremonious and be-on-your-guard air, which sometimes means respect, sometimes disrespect; while from a captain to a quarter-master it always means reproof, if it do not mean menace. In discussions of this sort it is wisest for the weaker party to be silent; and nowhere is this truth sooner learned than on ship-board. The quarter-master consequently made no answer, and the gig came along-

side, bringing back the officer who had carried the proceedings of the court up to Naples.

"Here we have it," said Cuffe, opening the important document as soon as he and his brother captains were again in the cabin: "Approved. Ordered that the sentence be carried into execution on board his Majesty's ship, the Proserpine, Captain Cuffe, to-morrow, between the hours of sunrise and sunset.'"

Then followed the date and the well-known signature of "Nelson and Bronté." All this was what Cuffe both wished and expected, though he would have preferred a little more grace in carrying out the orders. The reader is not to suppose from this that our captain was either vengeful or bloody-minded, or that he really desired to inflict on Raoul any penalty for the manner in which he had baffled his designs, and caused his crew to suffer. So far from this, his intention was to make use of the sentence to extort from the prisoner a confession of the orders he had given to those left in the lugger, and then to use this confession as a means of obtaining his pardon, with a transfer to a prison-ship. Cuffe had no great veneration for privateersmen, nor was his estimate of their

morality at all unreasonable, when he inferred that one who served with gain for his principal object would not long hesitate about purchasing his own life by the betrayal of a secret like that he now asked. Had Raoul belonged even to a republican navy, the English man-of-war's-man might have hesitated about carrying out his plan; but with the master of a corsair it appeared to be the most natural thing imaginable to attempt its execution. Both Sir Frederick and Lyon viewed the matter in the same light; and now that everything was legally done which was necessary to the design, the capture of the lugger was deemed more than half accomplished.

"It is somewhat afflicting, too, Cuffe," observed Sir Frederick, in his drawling, indolent way, "it is somewhat afflicting, too, Cuffe, to be compelled to betray one's friends, or to be hanged! In parliament, now, we say we'll be hanged if we do, and here you say you'll be hanged if you don't."

"Poh! poh! Dashwood; no one expects this Raoul. Yvard will come to that fate, for no one thinks he will hold out. We shall get the lugger, and that will be the end of it. I'd

give a thousand pounds to see that d—d Few-Folly at anchor within pistol-shot of my stern at this blessed moment. My feelings are in the matter."

"Five hundred would be a high price," observed Lyon, drily. "I much doubt if the shares of us three come to as much as a hundred apiece, even should the craft fall into our hands."

"By the way, gentlemen," put in Sir Frederick, gaping, "suppose we toss up, or throw the dice, to see which shall have all, on the supposition we get her within the next twenty-four hours, timing the affair by this ship's chronometers. You 've dice on board, I dare say, Cuffe, and we can make a regular time of it here for half an hour, and no one the wiser."

"Your pardon, Captain Dashwood; I can suffer no such amusement. It is unmilitary, and contrary to regulations; and then hundreds are not so plentiful with Lyon and myself as they are with you. I like to pocket my prize-money first, and sport on it afterwards."

"You 're right, Captain Cuffe," said Lyon, "though there can be no great innovation in sporting on Sir Frederick's portion, if he see

fit to indulge us. Money is an agreeable acquisition, beyond a doubt, and life is sweet to saint and sinner alike; but I much question your facility in persuading this Monshure Rawl to tell you his secret consairning the lugger in the manner ye anticipate."

This opinion met with no favour; and after discussing the subject among themselves a little longer, the three captains were on the point of separating, when Griffin burst into the cabin without even knocking, and altogether regardless of the usual observances.

"One would think it blew a typhoon, Mr. Griffin," said Cuffe, coldly, "by the rate at which you run before it."

"It's an ill wind that blows no luck, sir," answered the lieutenant, actually panting for breath, so great had been his haste to communicate what he had to say. "Our look-out, on the heights above Campanella, has just signalled us that he sees the lugger to the southward and eastward, somewhere near the point of Piane, I suppose, sir; and what is better, the wind is coming off-shore earlier than common this evening."

"That *is* news!" exclaimed Cuffe, rubbing

his hands with delight. "Go on deck, Griffin, and tell Winchester to unmoor; then make a signal to the other ships to do the same. Now, gentlemen, we have the game in our own hands, and let us see and play it skilfully. In a couple of hours it will be dark, and our movements can all be made without being seen. As the Proserpine is, perhaps, the fastest ship,"—at this remark Sir Frederick smiled ironically, while Lyon raised his eyebrows like one who saw a marvel—"As the Proserpine is, perhaps, the fastest ship, she ought to go the farthest to leeward; and I will get under way and stand off to sea, keeping well to the northward and eastward, as if I were running for the straits of Bonifacio, for instance, until it becomes dark, when I will haul up south for a couple of hours or so; then come up as high as south-east, until we are to the southward of the gulf of Salerno. This will be before daylight, if the wind stand. At daylight, then, you may look out for me off Piane, say two leagues, and to seaward, I hope, of the lugger. You shall follow, Sir Frederick, just as the sun sets, and keep in my wake as near as possible; heaving-to, how-

ever, at midnight. This will bring you fairly abreast of the gulf, and about midway between the two capes, a little west of south from Campanella. Lyon, you can lie here until the night has fairly set in, when you can pass between Capri and the cape, and run down south two hours, and heave-to. This will place you in a position to watch the passage to and from the gulf, under the northern shore."

"And this arrangement completed to your satisfaction, Captain Cuffe," asked Lyon, deliberately helping himself to an enormous pinch of snuff, "what will be your pleasure in the posterior evolutions?"

"Each ship must keep her station until the day has fairly dawned. Should it turn out, as I trust it may, that we 've got the Few-Folly in-shore of us, all we 'll have to do will be to close in upon her, and drive her up, higher and higher, into the Bay. She will naturally run into shallow water; when we must anchor off, man the boats, send them north and south of her and let them board her under cover of our fire. If we find the lugger embayed, we 'll have her as sure as fate."

"Very prettily conceived, Captain Cuffe, and in a way to be handsomely executed. But if we should happen to find the heathen outside of us?"

"Then make sail in chase to seaward, each ship acting for the best. Come, gentlemen, I do not wish to be inhospitable, but the Proserpine must be off. She has a long road before her; and the winds of this season of the year can barely be counted on for an hour at a time."

Cuffe being in such a hurry his guests departed without further ceremony. As for Sir Frederick, the first thing he did was to order dinner an hour earlier than he had intended, and then to invite his surgeon and marine-officer, two capital pairs of knives and forks, to come and share it with him; after which, he sat down to play somewhat villainously on a flute. Two hours later, he gave the necessary orders to his first-lieutenant; after which he troubled himself very little about the frigate he commanded. Lyon, on the other hand, sat down to a very frugal meal alone, as soon as he found himself again in his sloop; first ordering certain old

sails to be got on deck, and to be mended for the eighth or ninth time.

With the Proserpine it was different. Her capstan-bars flew round, and one anchor was actually catted by the time her captain appeared on deck. The other soon followed, the three topsails fell, were sheeted home and hoisted, and then sail was set after sail, until the ship went steadily past the low promontory of Ana Capri, a cloud of canvass. Her head was to the westward, inclining a little north; and had there been any one to the southward to watch her movements, as there was not, so far as the eye could see, it would have been supposed that she was standing over towards the coast of Sardinia, most probably with an intention of passing, by the straits of Bonifacio, between that island and Corsica. The wind being nearly east, and it blowing a good breeze, the progress of the ship was such as promised to fulfil all the expectations of her commander.

As the sun set, and darkness diffused itself over the Mediterranean, the lighter steering-sails were taken in, and the Proserpine

brought the wind abeam, standing south. One of the last things visible from the decks, besides the mountains of the islands and of the main, the curling smoke of Vesuvius, the blue void above and the bluer sea below, was the speck of the Terpsichore, as that ship followed, as near as might be, in her wake; Sir Frederick and his friends still at table, but with a vigilant and industrious first-lieutenant on deck, who was sufficient in himself for all that was required of the vessel, in any emergency. The latter had his orders, and he executed them with a precision and attention which promised to leave nothing to be wished for. On the other hand, the people of the Ringdove were kept at work mending old sails until the hour to "knock-off work" arrived; then the ship unmoored. At the proper time the remaining anchor was lifted, and the sloop went through the pass between Capri and Campanella, as directed, when Lyon sent for the first-lieutenant to join him in his cabin.

"Look you here, McBean," said Lyon, pointing to the chart which lay on the table

"Captain Cuffe has just run down off Piane, and will find himself well to leeward when the west wind comes to-morrow; Sir Frederick has followed famously clear of the land, and won't be in a much better box. Now, this lugger must be pretty picking, if all they say of her be true. Ten to one, but she has gold in her. These corsairs are desperate rogues after the siller, and, taking hull, sails, armament, head-money, and the scrapings of the lockers together, I shouldn't marvel if she come to something as good as 8,000*l* or 10,000*l*. This would be fair dividing for a sloop, but would amount to a painfully small trifle, as between the officers of three ships, after deducting the admiral's share. What are you thinking of, Airchy?"

"Of just that, Captain Lyon. It would be dividing every lieutenant's share by three, as well as every captain's."

"That 's it, Airchy, and so ye 'll have a shairp look out on deck. There 'll be no occasion to run down quite as far as Captain Cuffe suggested, ye 'll obsairve; for if in the bay the lugger will work her way up towards this headland, and we 'll be all the more likely to fall in with her, by keeping near it ourselves. Ye 'll take the idea?"

" It 's plain enou', Captain Lyon ; and I 'll be obsairving it. How is the law understood as respects dairkness ?—I understand that none share but such as are in sight ; but is darkness deemed a legal impediment ? "

" To be sure it is ; the idea being that all who can see may act. Now, if we catch the lugger before Captain Cuffe and Sir Frederick even know where she is, on what principle can they aid and sustain u s in the capture ? "

" And you wish a shairp look-out, the night, Captain Lyon ? "

" That 's just it, Airchy. Ye 'll all be doing your best in the way of eyes, and we may get the lugger alone. 'Twould be such a pity, Mr. McBean, to divide by three when the sums might be kept entire ! "

Such was the state of feeling with which each of these three officers entered on his present duty. Cuffe was earnest in the wish to catch his enemy, and this principally for the credit of the thing, though a little out of a desire to revenge his own losses ; Sir Frederick Dashwood indifferent to all but his own pleasures ; and Lyon closely attentive to the main chance. An hour or two later, or just before

Cuffe turned in, he sent a message to request the presence of his first-lieutenant, if the latter were still up. Winchester was writing up his private journal; closing the book, he obeyed the order in that quiet, submissive manner, which a first-lieutenant is more apt to use towards his captain than towards any one else.

"Good evening, Winchester," said Cuffe, in a familiar, friendly way, which satisfied the subordinate that he was not sent for to be "rattled-down," "draw a chair, and try a glass of this Capri wine, with some water It 's not carrying sail hard to drink a gallon of it; yet I* rather think it fills up the chinks better than nothing."

"Thank'ee, Captain Cuffe: we like it in the gun-room, and got off a fresh cask or two this morning while the court was sitting. So they tell me, sir, his lordship has put his name to it, and that this Frenchman is to swing from our fore-yard-arm sometime to-morrow."

"It stands so on paper, Winchester; but if he confess where his lugger lies, all will go smoothly enough with him. However, as things look now, we 'll have her and thanks only to ourselves."

"Well, sir, that will be best on the whole. I do not like to see a man selling his own people."

"There you are right enough, Winchester, and I trust we shall get along without it; though the lugger must be ours. I sent for you by the way, about this Bolt—something must be done with that fellow."

"It's a clear case of desertion, Captain Cuffe,—and, as it would now seem, of treason in the bargain. I would rather hang ten such chaps than one man like the Frenchman."

"Well, it's clear, Mr. Winchester, *you* do not bear malice! Have you forgotten Porto Ferrajo and the boats already?—or do you love them which despitefully use you?"

"'Twas all fair service, sir, and one never thinks anything of that. I owe this Monsieur Yvard no grudge for what he did; but, now it's all fairly over, I rather like him the better for it. But it's a very different matter as to this Bolt,—a skulking scoundrel, who would let other men fight his country's battles while he goes a-privateering against British commerce."

"Ay, there's the rub, Winchester! *Are* they *his* country's battles?"

"Why, we took him for an Englishman, sir, and we must act up to our own professions in order to be consistent."

"And so hang an innocent man for a treason which he *could* not commit?"

"Why, Captain Cuffe, do you believe the fellow's whining story about his being a Yankee? If that be true, we have done him so much injustice already as to make his case a very hard one. For my part, I look upon all these fellows as only so many disaffected Englishmen, and treat them accordingly."

"That is a sure way to quiet one's feelings, Winchester; but it's 'most too serious when it comes to hanging. If Bolt deserve any punishment he deserves death; and that is a matter about which one ought to be tolerably certain before he pushes things too far. I've sometimes had my doubts about three or four of our people being Englishmen after all."

"There can be no certainty in these matters, unless one could carry a parish register for the whole kingdom in his ship, Captain Cuffe. If they are not Englishmen, why do they not

produce satisfactory proofs to show it? That is but reasonable, you must allow, sir."

"I don't know, Winchester; there are two sides to that question, too. Suppose the King of Naples should seize you here ashore, and call on you to prove that you are not one of his subjects, how would you go to work to make it out, no parish register being at hand?"

"Well, then, Captain Cuffe, if we are so very wrong, we had better give all these men up at once, though one of them is the very best hand in the ship; I think it right to tell you that, sir."

"There is a wide difference, sir, between giving a man up, and hanging him. We are short-handed as it is, and cannot spare a single man. I've been looking over your station bills, and they never appeared so feeble before. We want eighteen or nineteen good seamen to make them respectable again; and though this Bolt is no great matter as a seaman, he can turn his hand to so many things that he is as useful as the boatswain. In a word, we cannot spare him, — either to let him go or to hang him, even were the latter just."

"I'm sure, sir, I desire to do nothing unjust, and so act your pleasure in the affair."

"My pleasure is just this, then, Winchester: we must turn Bolt to duty. If the fellow is really an American it would be a wretched business even to flog him for desertion; and as to treason, you know there can be none without allegiance. Nelson gives me a discretion, and so we'll act on the safe side and just turn him over to duty again. When there comes an opportunity I'll inquire into the facts of his case, and if he can make out that he is not an Englishman, why he must be discharged. The ship will be going home in a year or two, when everything can be settled fairly and deliberately. I dare say Bolt will not object to the terms."

"Perhaps not, sir. Then, there's the crew, Captain Cuffe: they may think it strange that treason and desertion should go unpunished! These fellows talk and reason more than is always known aft."

"I've thought of all that, Winchester. I dare say you have heard of such a thing as a king's evidence: well, here has Raoul Yvard been tried and found guilty as a spy, Bolt having been a witness. A few remarks judiciously made may throw everything off on

that tack, and appearances will be preserved so far as discipline is concerned."

"Yes, sir, that might be done, it's true; but an uneasy berth will the poor devil have of it, if the people fancy he has been a king's evidence! Men of that class hate a traitor worse than they do crime, Captain Cuffe, and they 'll ride Bolt down like the main tack."

"Perhaps not; and if they do, 'twill not be so bad as hanging. The fellow must think himself luckily out of a bad scrape, and thank God for all his mercies! You can see that he suffers nothing unreasonable, or greatly out of the way. So send an order to the master-at-arms to knock the irons off the chap and send him to duty before you turn in, Winchester."

This settled the matter as to Ithuel, for the moment at least. Cuffe was one of those men who was indisposed to push things too far, while he found it difficult to do his whole duty. There was not an officer in the Proserpine who had any serious doubts about the true country of Bolt, though there was not one officer among them all who would openly

avow it. There was too much "granite" about Ithuel to permit Englishmen long to be deceived, and that very language on which the impressed man so much prided himself, would have betrayed his origin, had other evidence been wanting. Still there was a tenacity about an English ship of war, in that day, which did not easily permit an athletic hand to escape its grasp when it had once closed upon him. In a great and enterprising service, like that of Great Britain, an *esprit de corps* existed in the respective ships which made them the rivals of each other; and men being the great essentials of efficiency a single seaman was relinquished with a reluctance which must have been witnessed fully to be understood. Cuffe consequently could not make up his mind to do full justice to Ithuel, while he could not make up his mind to push injustice so far as trial and punishment. Nelson had left him a discretion, as has been said, and this he chose to use in the manner just mentioned.

Had the case of the New Hampshire man been fairly brought before the British Admiral, his discharge would have been ordered without

hesitation. Nelson was too far removed from the competition of the separate ships, and ordinarily under the control of too high motives, to be accessory to the injustice of forcibly detaining a foreigner in his country's service; for it was only while under the malign influence to which allusion has already been made, that he ceased to be high-minded and just. Prejudiced he was, and in some cases exceedingly so; America standing but little better in his eyes than France herself. For the first of these antipathies he had some apology; since in addition to the aversion naturally produced by the history of the cisatlantic Republic, accident had thrown him in the way, in the West Indies, of ascertaining the frauds, deceptions and cupidities of a class of men that never exhibit national character in its brightest and most alluring colours. Still he was too upright of mind willingly to countenance injustice, and too chivalrous to oppress. But Ithuel had fallen into the hands of one who fell far short of the high qualities of the Admiral, while, at the same time, he kept clear of his more prominent weaknesses; and who *was* brought within the sphere of the

competition between the respective ships and their crews.

Winchester of course obeyed his orders. He roused the master-at-arms from his hammock, and directed him to bring Ithuel Bolt to the quarter-deck.

"In consequence of what took place this morning," said the first-lieutenant, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all near him, "Captain Cuffe has seen fit to order you to be released, Bolt, and turned to duty again. You will know how to appreciate this leniency, and will serve with greater zeal than ever, I make no doubt. Never forget that you have been with a yard-rope, as it might be, round your neck. In the morning you will be stationed and berthed anew."

Ithuel was too shrewd to answer. He fully understood the reason why he escaped punishment, and it increased his hopes of eventually escaping from the service itself. Still he gagged a little at the idea of passing for one who 'peached—or for a "*State's*-evidence," as he called it; that character involving more of sin in vulgar eyes than the commission of a thousand legal crimes. This gave Win-

chester no concern. After dismissing his man, he gossiped a minute or two with Yelverton, who had the watch, gaped once or twice somewhat provokingly, and going below, was in a deep sleep in ten minutes.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON :
Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, and LEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

00076448

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 March, 2016